

K *Demetrius, called the* THE
Impostor

Czar of Muscovy.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre in *Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields*

B Y

His Majesty's Servants.

by M^{rs} Mary Pix

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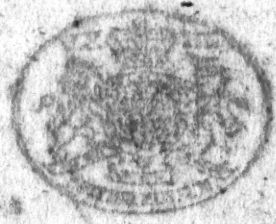
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PROLOGUE.

COrrupting Votes has so prevail'd this Age,
That Bribery at length has reach'd the Stage;
And I, a Sacrifice, before am sent,
Your Vengeance on the Poet to prevent.
Wit all the Year we give, and hope with Reason
Thin Food may pass in the Repenting Season.
Our Author thence discreetly took the Hint,
And now presents a Play---with nothing in't;
But Trifles still with you have most Success,
And rise in Value as in Emptiness:
That Undesigning Thing they call a Beau,
The pretty Gentleman of Cringe and Bow;
None e'er believ'd the Ladies strive to win him
For any thing, alas! that is within him.

But here the Scene shou'd all its wants supply,
For Wit is not the growth of Muscovy:
Tho', faith, of late so flat your Taste is grown,
That Mosco may refine upon this Town,
Where the rude Race mind Ornaments nor Fashion;
There's not a powder'd Wig in all the Nation;
No Fop nor Snuff-box there the Fair to move;
Their Women give 'em Ease, but never Love.

Yet no rude Breast can always be severe,
'Tis known how very civil one was here :
For his Sake then may this be not accurst ;
We hope you'll find (if to his Name you're just)
A Second **Czar** obliging as the First.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. Burnaby.

EXpect no fawning, Sirs! the Poet's Champion, I,
Have sworn to stand, and every Judge defie.
But you the bullying Criticks I'll not name,
Judges, whose only Business 'tis to damn.
Howe'er we thought you once, the wise and strong;
Know we have born your Impotence too long.
You that above your Sires presume to soar,
And are but Copies daub'd in Minature;
You that have nothing right in Heart or Tongue,
But only to be resolute in Wrong;
False is your Wit and Judgment. Now I swear
By all the Virgins of each Theatre,
The Poets for the future shall not stand
Like Shrovetide-Cocks, the Pault of every vulgar Hand:
Nor let the purblind Criticks Sentence pass,
That shoots the Beauties through an Optick-glass;
Nor barbarous Noises from the Gallery come,
Nor Mask below to clap, or hiss presume:
Let the Mask cackle at the Fops that flout her,
Or cluck the Squires that hovering peep about her.
—— For the great Dons of Wit,
To them is given full Privilege alone
To damn all others, and cry up their own.
The Ladies in their Eyes a killing Pow'r bear,
They can destroy; but nobler 'tis to spare
An humble Victim offer'd to the Fair.

THE

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Demetrius</i> , Czar of <i>Muscovy</i> , an Impostor.	Mr. Hodgson.
<i>Zueski</i> , Lord High Steward of <i>Muscovy</i> .	Mr. Booth.
<i>Bassilins</i> ,	Mr. Boyle.
<i>Zaporjus</i> ,	Mr. Nap.
<i>Rureck</i> ,	Mr. Pack.
<i>Bosman</i> , General of the Czar's Forces.	Mr. Berry.
<i>Carclos</i> , General of the <i>Cossacks</i> .	Mr. Arnold.
The Patriarch of <i>Mosco</i> .	
<i>Fedor</i> , A Priest.	Mr. Harris.
<i>Manzeck</i> , Vaivode of <i>Sendomiria</i> .	Mr. Freeman.
<i>Alexander</i> , Son to the D. of <i>Wisnewestki</i> .	Mr. Bowman.

Officers, Guards, and Attendants.

W O M E N.

<i>Sophia</i> , the old Empress, Widow to <i>Basilovitz</i> .	Mrs. Leigh.
<i>Marina</i> , Daughter to <i>Manzeck</i> , Married to <i>Demetrius</i> .	Mrs. Bowman.
<i>Zarrianna</i> , Daughter to <i>Boris</i> .	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Terrestia</i> , Woman to <i>Marina</i> .	Mrs. Martin.

Women and Attendants.

THE

THE Czar of Muscovy.

A C T I. Scene I.

Scene draws, and discovers Demetrius and Marina coming from the Altar, as just marry'd; they come forward with Garlands on their Heads; the Patriach holds Images over them: Manzech, Zueski, Carlos, Bosman, Fedor, with other Preists, several Polish Lords and Ladies, Teresia, all the Company with Tapers in their Hands; they range themselves on each Side of the Stage; casting Flowers before Demetrius and Marina as they come to the Front of the Stage; the Priest sings the following Song, set to Solemn Musick.

(1)
Bless'd are they, who Heaven Obey,
Who Scourges vitious Loves,
But lawful Flames approves;
Such Flames as here we Seal this Day.

(2)
May Heaven their Guardian ever be,
Domestick Fairs remove,
Their Strife be only Love,
And Children's Children live to see.

At the end of the Song all bow to Demetrius and Marina.

[Exeunt Patri and Priest.]

Demet. Thus doubly blest with Conquest and with Love,
I humbly bow in Gratitude to Heaven,

B

And

And next to you, my Lords, and noble Father;
 Who as the second Causes of my re-ascending
 The Royal Throne of my redoubted Father
 The glorious *John Basilovitz* I owe
 And pay my thanks, where, with the help of Heaven,
 And your wise Council, I hope to Reign
 The worthy Successor of that great Name;
 And as by right, unquestionably just,
 I'm now invested in my hereditary and lawful Claim,
 I would as on the Throne, so in my Peoples Hearts
 Reign Emperour; therefore I here decree
 Universal Pardon to all the Adherents of the late Usurper,
 Exempting none.
 And further all, who this thrice blessed Day
 Shall any Suit present to us, or our fair Bride,
 I here pronounce it granted.

All. Long live our great and gracious Czar, Emperour of
 All our *Russes*.

Bes. Now is the time to move your Suit, my Lord.

[*To Zueski.*

Zuesk. I will not lose the wish'd for Opportunity. [*Aside.*
 Down, down, proud swelling Heart, I must for my
 Dear *Zarrianna's* Sake submit to flatter this unknown
 Impostor, and bow my Knee to the Usurper's Power.

[*Kneels and bows to the Ground.*

Demet. Speak your Request my Lord, you shall not be deny'd.

Zuesk. Thus low I humbly bow to beg the Life of *Zarianna*.
 Daughter to the late Duke *Baris* who, Innocent of all
 Her Father's Crimes, I have preserv'd in Safety, and beg your
 Royal Mercy for her; and if my Services have any thing
 Deserv'd; I ask no other Recompence but *Zarrianna*,
 Who long I've lov'd; nor are my Vows rejected.

Demet. So much I trust your Love and Loyalty,
 I give you what you ask: Her Life and Person;
 Revenge on Women my generous Heart disclaims,
 Her Mother and her Brother, tho' more Culpable
 Than she, might by my Clemency enjoy'd their Lives; if they
 Had not Anticipated their own Fate; and done a Justice

they

On themselves they might escaped from me who am by Nature more inclin'd to mercy than to blood.

Fedor. [*aside.*] By Nature thou'rt I'm sure an exquisite and most designing Hypocrite.

Zueski. What cou'd I less expect from the great Saint-like Son
[*Rising Kisses his Garment.*

Of my old Royal Master; Kings are Heavens Vicegerents Here; and in Mercy shews its darling Attribute; This bounty, Sir, ever binds your faithful Slave.

Demet. *Zueski*, let your fair Mistress attend us here; A nuptial Feast is never so well grac'd, as where the Store of Beauties makes the Banquet; what says my Fairest Bride? The Ladies Entertainment must be yours; Therefore if you think fit, let her be conducted To our Presence.

Manz. Your Majesties Desires must always be my Daughter's Laws; Her Love and Duty must teach her to Obey, And not Command.

Demet. This Day, she shall; o'er all, as well as me, Command; And I will govern by no Laws but hers; therefore, my Fair *Marina*, speak your Pleasure.

Marr. My Father, Sir, has spoke my Sense; and left me nothing More to add, but that your Will must always by *Marina* be obey'd.

Demet. Haste, *Zueski*, and Release your Prisoner, we will expect her here.

Zueski I will obey your Royal Pleasure, Sir. [*aside*] I know not why, but yet methinks unwillingly I go on this Commission.

[*Exit.*

Demet. Your Looks, *Marina* are sad; which does not suit The Triumphs of this glorious happy Day.

Manz. A Maidens Modesty, my gracious Lord, that's all. Mirth in a Bride is unbecoming Levity. A Virgins Fears must be excus'd. [*To Marina aside.*] Clear up thy Looks *Marina*, and let thy Beauties shine in chearful Smiles upon thy glorious Fortune; that Cloud of Sorrows misbecomes the Happiness that Fate has destin'd for thee.

Mari. [*aside.*] This empty Pageantry, suits not the Sorrows
B 2 which

which, conceal'd within my Heart, are ready to burst forth; Oh that I had the Art unjustly attributed to our Sex, of wise Diffimulation; my Greif will force it's way, and shew the sadness of a Soul distressed.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Most Royal Sir, the Empress *Sophia* is arriv'd.

Demet. Is there another Blessing yet in Store for the o'erjoy'd *Demetrius*? Conduct me to her instantly. I here forgive the curst Usurper all his Wrongs to me, for sparing her the kindest, the tenderest, the best of Mothers.

Enter Sophia.

Mess. She's here, most sacred Sir.

Demet. Oh how shall I express my Love and Duty, [*Hastily meets her, bows his Knee, kisses her Hand.*] How shall I pay my thanks to Heaven to see you safe; or share my Gratitude amongst you all: Here, take me Mother, Father, Wife, take each a part in my Capacious Heart; Reign ever there, as absolute as I o're all my mighty Empires.

Soph. [*aside.*] 'Tis as justly fear'd; none, none of my *Demetrius*, yet as h'as been the Instrument in my Revenge on *Boris*, and likewise to preserve my Liberty and Life, I'll countenance the Cheat. [*To him.*] My dearest Sou preserv'd by Heav'n to know a better Fortune than what thy inhumane Uncle destin'd for thee, come to my Arms, and take a Mother's Blessing.

[*Embraces him.*]

Demet. This Lady Madam, craves your Blessing too.

[*Dem. takes Mari. by the Hand, presents her to Soph. who Salutes her.*]

Soph. Her Beauty well deserves the Crown she wears, may you be both as happy as I wish you.

Enter Zueski leading Zarrianna: They both Kneel to Demetrius.

Zuesk. See Sir, if this fair faultless Maid, does not deserve your Royal Mercy; we adore and pray the Powers to preserve *Demetrius*.

Demet. [*Looks fixtly on her.*] She's wondrous fair indeed; a most surprizing Beauty; I never yet beheld so bright a Creature; this is a Pearl too precious for the Store of one, who do's not understand the Value.

Mari.

(5)
Mari. Sir, you forget the Lady's on her Knees.

Demet. I know what's due to such exalted Beauty, [*Takes her up, and kisses her Hand.*] Rise, Madam, and command your Fate.

Zueski. What will my most unlucky Stars do with me? He gazes and feels the Power of those resistless Charms; sure my foreboding Heart warn'd me of this Misfortune.

Demet. Why do'st thou tremble, fair one, and look pale? Banish thy Fears, I wou'd preserve thy Life, with hazard of my own; had *Zueski* shew'd thy Charms, he might a spar'd the sueing for thy Pardon. He merits what he fear'd for thee, himself; who dares to lift his Hopes to such a Prize, fit only for an Emperour?

Zarri. Alas, most Royal Sir, you wrong your beauteous Bride, to whom these Praises are more justly due; that little Beauty which you too much extoll, is due to *Zueski's* Love by Gratitude, as well as Inclination.

Demet. Oh, I'm all Joy, to hear 'tis possible that thou canst Love; it matters not who 'tis, *Zueski* or any other; if thy Heart is flexible and soft, and capable of Love, I then have much to hope.

Zarri. Yes, Sir; tho' I must blush to say it in this Presence; *Zueski* by many Services has gain'd my Love, and ever shall be Master of *Zarrianna's* Heart, and if my Fate denies me to be his, I ne'er will be another's.

Demet. Since thou canst Love, I'll find the way to make thee change the Object of thy foolish Vows; and place it on my self; such Beauties ne'er were made to be enjoy'd by any common Man.

Fedor. [*aside to Dem.*] Think, Sir, on what you do, and recollect your self-e'er 'tis too late; you're ruin'd else; you are not well settled in your Throne, and one false Step will throw you out again.

Demet. [*aside.*] 'Tis wisely urg'd; I'll take your Council; but yet this Fair One I must and will enjoy, tho' I shou'd lose my Kingdom in pursuit of her. [*Pauses.*]

Mari. [*aside to Teresa.*] See my *Teresa*, the just Reward of violated Vows; undone by Love, by Fortune too forsaken; where

where can I find a Refuge but in Death? Oh faithless, perjur'd Alexander, how hast thou ruin'd poor undone Marina?

Demet. Fair Zarrianna, I will be careful of your Happiness. Zueski be not surpriz'd at the feign'd Passion which I shew'd your Mistress; 'twas only an amusement which is over now; she shall attend our Queen; I mean no wrong either to you or her; for when all things are ready to Solemnize your Marriage, we will restore her to you, the Customs of our Country, you well know; and 'tis not fit she shou'd be in your Possession, till you a Husband's Priviledge assert.

Zuesk. To Zarria.] Oh Zarriana, I'm undone, ruin'd in all things but my Hopes of your unalterable Faith to the unhappy Zueski.

Zarri. Depend, my Lord, upon my Love and Faith, I'll dye a thousand Deaths, e'er I will be posselt, by any but my Zueski.

Zuesk. And I ten thousand more, e'er I will tamely suffer it, just in the Height of all my Hopes, to have thee snatch'd from my expecting Arms, oh Zarriana!

Zarri. We are observ'd, my dearest Lord farewell, no Force shall e'er prevail o'er Zarrianna's Faith.

[Exit Demet. leading Mari. Manz. Soph. Carl. Zarrin. plaid out by Wind Musick. Zueski, Bosman stay behind.]

Zuesk. Oh Bosman, see the strange Vicissitudes of Fortune, which rais'd me up, not many Minutes since, to such a Height of Hopes, to make my Fall the greater.

Bos. Have Patience, Sir; all may yet be well: He has a beauteous young and lovely Wife, whose Virtues may put out his raging Flame of Passion, which kindl'd like a Blaze, may be as soon extinguish'd.

Zuesk. Preach Patience to the Winds or raging Seas, to Men on Racks, or to the hopeless damn'd, they will as soon give Ear; no Bosman, no; I will not patiently sit still, and have my lovely Mistress torn from these longing Arms; and see her wondrous Beauties ruff'd by an Impostor, Tyrant and Usurper.

Bos. Take heed, my Lord; the Transports of your Passion goes too far. A Tyrant he may prove indeed, some Reason

too

too we have to fear it; but the immediate Heir of your great King *Basilwitz* cannot be call'd Usurper.

Zuesk. *Bosman*, so well I know thy Faith and honest Love to me and to our Country, which you have long adopted for your own, I'll trust my Life with you, by telling you again, the Emperour, who now Commands the *Russian* Throne, is an Impostor, and not the true *Demetrius*, who I saw cover'd o'er with gashly Wounds, saw him dead, laid in the Earth, and had my self the ordering of his Obsequies.

Bos. You strike a Terror in me: If this be true, how cou'd you when call'd, avouch him for the true *Demetrius*?

Zuesk. Yes, *Bosman*, at first I knew him, knew him for what he is: But was it then a time, when all in one united Voice saluted him their lawful Emperour, to put in my Discordiant Note?

Bos. I am a Stranger to all that past before Duke *Borris* Reign.

Zuesk. Our good old King, left two Sons, *Theodore* and *Demetrius*, *Theodore* too early paid the debt of Nature; of a Fever dy'd; *Demetrius* by his ambitious Uncle fell: Duke *Boris* destroy'd the growing Vertue of *Demetrius* in the very Bud. These *Barris* remov'd, he soon possess the Crown; *Sophia* he shut up within a Monastery, where, till this Day, she has remain'd confin'd; but now, as you have seen this Day, receiv'd as Mother to this Impostor.

Bosm. That 'tis which Staggers my Belief; sure 'tis impossible to counterfeit such Joy, as she appear'd to have at their first Interview.

Zusk. Her Interest and her Prudence caus'd it. From whence this new Impostor comes, Heaven knows. The Vainode of *Sendimira* and the *Polish* King have set him up: More I need not tell you: You see how he prevail'd o're all our Forces; you saw how *Borris* fell, and then with his victorious Army, came to the Walls of *Mosco*, who open'd wide her Gates to welcome him; by his Command the Widow and the Sons of *Boris* were Strangl'd: *Zarriana* too, had met with the same Fate, but prompt by Jealousie as well as Fears for her dear Life, I secretly convey'd her to a Monastery; where she remain'd in safety till

SCENE

till now, I, unlucky as I am, led her into the very Snare I had so carefully avoided: But here I swear, by all the Holy Saints, I will not lose her thus; no, I will tear the Tyrant from his ill-got Throne; and if no honest Hand and Heart will help me; I'll boldly do't my self; and claim, as 'tis my due, the Crown he now Usurps. Shall he who may be from a Cottage owes his Birth, sway the great Scepter of all our Potent *Russes*; I am the nearest now in Blood to great *Basvolitz*; I will not poorly and basely sit still with all my Wrongs; and yeild a Crown and Mistress to one I know to be a vile Impostor.

Bos. My Lord, so well I know the niceness of your Honour, I think no Prejudice could move you to assert a Falshood.

Zuesk. Alas, my *Bosman*; I saw him the true *Demetrius*, felt him cold as Northern Seas; bathed his lifeless Wounds in my warm Tears; three Nights I watch'd him, as loth to part with the dear breathless Body of my lovely Boy, then see him laid for ever in his Tomb.

Bosm. Enough my Lord, I do entirely beleive you.

Zuesk. I will contain my self, and play the Hypocrite, and answer Fraud with Fraud; I will amongst the Boyars, such as I think fit to trust, disclose this weighty Secret, I know they'll soon take Fire.

Bos. And I amongst the Officers of the late Dukes Army; who do already bear him no good will; but we with greatest Circumspection must proceed; *Sophra's* Testimony too, wou'd be of singular Use; no one will think she would conspire the Ruine of her Son.

Zuesk. That Task be mine when 'tis convenient; I doubt not to engage her who will be glad to own our glorious Cause, and set our Country free from Usurpation.

Bos. Compose your self, my Lord, and let's attend the Feast. Our absence will be taken notice of.

Zuesk. I'm calm as western Breezes; and will command my Passion to be still.

I'll play the Sycophant, till Fate does give the Word,
And then to Love and Empire shew my Claim by Sword. [Ex.]

SCENE

SCENE II. A Palace.

Enter Basilus, Zaporjus and Rureck.

Bas. Heav'n sure to ruine has destin'd our unhappy Country. Oh miserable *Muscovy*! Distress'd, and torn in thy own Bowels, with strong Convulsive Parties; *Boris*, tho' an Usurper, yet was a wise and moderate Prince, and sought his Peoples good; advanc'd the Interest of his Country with a Father's Care; whilst this who has hereditary Right to plead, imposes the unwelcom Yoke of galling Slavery.

Rure. And yet for all we know, he may be call'd the Father of his People; for much I fear he does not owe his Birth to *Muscovy*; some Lineaments indeed he has, not much unlike *Demetrius*; I do beleive, and with some Reason, we have not had fair Play.

Zap. I wish your Reason, *Rureck*, cou'd convince us of what you but surmize; we soon wou'd set our Country free from an Usurper's Power; the awful Name of the true Successor of great *Basilovitz* stays our revenging Arms. Could we but know him for what you do suspect him, *Muscovy* soon shou'd taste her Liberty again.

Rure. Time will discover more; and till I've surer Ground to build my more than probable Conjectures, I wou'd not be the Fomenter of Rebellion.

Bas. Time will but still more firmly settle him; and to his Tyranny add Strength, if he is only a Suppositious Prince, his guilt will urge him for his own Defence, to take off such who he does but suspect may penetrate through the Disguise he wears; and you or I, or all of us, may fall, and leave our ruin'd Country, and all our Progeny, to be the Slaves to an Impostor's Arbitrary Power.

Zap. Better uncertain as we are of what his Lineage is, to ease our selves of his oppressing Yoke, than groan beneath the Burden of our Wrongs.

Bas. And shall we to a Name of Right and Lawful, pay such a blind Obedience as to sit tamely still, and have our Fa-

milies extirpated, our Laws and Liberties infring'd, and only by Complaints sigh out our fruitless Murmurs; we have a Prince, whose Birth we all well know; Lord *Zueski*, whose Vertues well deserve the Grandieur of a Crown, bring next in Blood to great *Basilovitz*.

Rur. You're both too hot, my Lords, and will undo us all, if you thus rashly do proceed; what are our feeble Hands for such an undertaking? A little Time and Patience may add a Strength to make the Work successful; the People yet but whisper out their Greivances; shaking their Heads, and wishing old Duke *Boris* were their Czar again; his Tyranny is yet but in the Bud. When it begins to spread, and shew Maturity, the Murmurs will rise high, and make them fit for Action; and when they want a Head, it will be then a time to shew our selves; mean time, I will endeavour to know from the old Empress the certainty of what w^e are now in doubt; and if our Fears prove true; I'll not be wanting to lend a Heart and Hand to free our injur'd Country, and throw out an Impostor.

Bas. My Lord, we will be guided by your Council; if he attempts what he has promis'd, to introduce the Popes Authority, the *Muscovites*, who bear a most implacable and deadly hate to *Rome*, will never suffer such an Imposition, and then 'twill be a time to work their busie Heads into Rebellion.

Zapo. It will indeed be most adviseable to let the Vaivode to withdraw his Forces, which sure will wait him back to *Sendomiria*.

Rur. We shall have time enough for forming our design, let us observe how *Zueski* wears his brow, and bears the Fortunes of this *Demetrius*; he best can tell whether he is the Son of the old Empress; and being in his Chamber at the time when it was said the true *Demetrius* was slain, he cannot be well pleas'd to see his Right invaded by a Stranger; and will be ready at the first to joyn the Cause we would maintain.

Basi. *Manzeck* comes this way; and seems in Anger.

Rur. Let us retire a little, and observe him. [*They abscond.*]

Enter Manzeck and Fedor.

Manz. Dares he, who I have by my Power made an Emperour,

your, already treat me thus? Through all the thin Disguises which he would put on, I see he Loves, Loves this *Zarrianna*, flirts and neglects my Daughter, whose Beauty's equal, if not superiour to his new Mistress; he'd best be careful how he treats *Marina*; she has a Father who can revenge her Wrongs.

Fed. He means her none, I hope; he cannot so unworthily return the generous Aid you gave him, as to design an Injury so great; I know his Temper, wavering and fierce; and if he meets with an Opposition from you, will blow his new-born Fire and kindle it into a raging Flame, which otherwise will of it self extinguish in the Charms of your fair Daughter the beautiful *Marina*.

Manz. *Fedor*, I know thou do'st but flatter up my Hopes, to keep me well-affected to thy unfaithful Master; think'st thou I will with Patience see my Daughter scorn'd?

Fed. My Lord, it does not well become me to advise you; but if I might so far presume, I'd have you take no notice of these Starts and shew of Passion; and presently return into the Presence sedate and calm, and seem as if you took for gallantry what he in Favour of *Zarrianna* said.

Manz. Think it a piece of gallantry to banish *Zueski*? The visible Effects of his new Passion.

Fed. My Lord, so well I know his Violence, that your Resentments might carry him further on, and make him think of a Divorce.

Manz. He cannot, dare not think of such a thing; the minute that I know it enters to his Heart, I'll meet and stab it there: You are his Creature, and may, if you think fit, tell him what I say; and what, if he dares provoke me, I will put in Act.

Fed. My Lord, I only am a Friend to Peace; and wou'd, if possible, invite to Amicable Love. I will no longer be his Friend than whilst he rules with Justice.

Manz. Thy Friendship then I fear, will quickly find a Period: But come, see here's Company; I will retire and smother my Resentment.

[Exit *Manz.* and *Fed.*

[*Rureck*, *Basilus* and *Zaporjus* come forward.

Bas. *Zueski* disgrac'd, the *Vaivode* too disgusted; this works apace, and something will bring forth.

Zap. Let's hast to find out *Zueski*, and see how he resents the Injury is done him.

Rur. As you or I, or any of us wou'd do, to have a Mistress snatch'd from our Embraces, just in the Expectation of Possession; let's instantly attend him, whilst chaf'd with Heat; he may discover something worth our Knowledge.

Let but the Goddess Discord lay,
A tempting Woman in the way,
Allegiance will be thrown aside,
And Loyalty will soon be try'd:
If Love and Duty hold the Reins,
The little God the Conquest ever gains. [Exeunt.]

A C T II. Scene I.

Enter Alexander disguis'd in Pilgrims Habit.

Alex. I Am arriv'd too late; the fatal Knot is ty'd, and she forgetful of her former Vows, forgetting me, has plighted them anew. Where is the Love and Faith of Woman-kind? Ambition is their Passion, their Faith to nothing true but Interest, and gawdy Titles is the darling of their Soul. Oh perjur'd Empress! No longer my *Marina* cou'd I thus wrong'd have fac'd thy falshood, when the Dire Ceremonies pass'd, and struck the Horrour of thy broken Faith, into thy guilty Soul, I should a dy'd contented. Thus habited I'll haunt her Steps, till Oppertunity presents a time to charge her with her Perjuries.

Enter Teresa.

Ha, *Teresa* here; true still to her false Mistress! [As she is going cross he stays her by her Garment.] Stay, stay *Teresa*; and hear

hear a wretched Lover's fruitless Complaints; undone by thy unjust and cruel Mistress; by her Ambition ruin'd.

Teres. That Voice I know too well; but why in this Disguise and feigning Sorrow; it better wou'd become the Grandeur of your Fortune to appear with your Bride; adorn your Bride, false Lord, in Splendour, to shew the glorious Cause of your Ungenerous Falshood.

Alex. Sure thou ravest *Teresia*; my Bride!

Teres. Have you no Wife, you say; is she then forsaken, like the poor *Marina*, for another?

Alex. Do not, *Teresia*, mock my Griefs, but tell me what it is you charge me with. For still unhappy as I am, I love her still; Love her in all her Crimes; yes, yes, *Teresia*, I dare to lift my Eyes, tho' not my Hopes; Hopes I have none, but am on black Despair; your Royal Mistress, alas, in Power as Falshood great.

Teres. Oh most unhappy Lord; if what you say be true, you are indeed most wretched.

Alex. If it be false, may Heaven, if possible, invent more Curses than what I feel already. The Secret was conceal'd from me alone, till publick Rumour brought it to my Ears; To all my Letters I cou'd have no answer; then urg'd by Despair, I left the *German* Emperour's Court, and flew with Lovers Hast to *Sendomiria*; where I still pursu'd her; and hither came, just as the Marriage was perform'd, and I for ever barr'd from all my Hopes, tho' now I find too late.

Teres. You have, I justly fear, been both betray'd.

Alex. Ha! what says *Teresia*, betray'd, by whom and how?

Teres. Are you not marry'd then?

Alex. Marry'd! to whom? Oh my boding Thoughts! Go on *Teresia*, and let me know the worst.

Teres. O *Manzeck*, cruel Father, to sacrifice for ever the Repose of thy only Child, to the vain Thirst of Glory: he knew your Loves, and did approve, till dazzled with the prospect of a Crown, promis'd him by *Demetrius*, when he with his assistance had resum'd his Right, the hopes which flatter'd him to see his Daughter made an Empress, made him, alas, forgetful

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ful of what he ow'd to you, and to the everlasting quiet of his Child, he try'd by fair Intreaties to draw her from her Faith to you; and when they fruitless prov'd, he had recourse to Fraud; her Faith triumphal was o'er all her Persecutions; till one unhappy Day, fatal for ever to *Marina's* quiet, he feign'd a Letter from your Lordships Father, wherein was signify'd, that you were marry'd to a German Lady.

Alex. My Father to conspire my Ruine! What will my Fate do with me?

Teres. Judge, Sir, of her Affliction by your own; the Letter which you mention she never had; which sooner did persuade her into a sad Belief of your Inconstancy; yet at last, her Love surmounted by her Pride, to be forsaken by him who always had been dearer to her than Life and Empire; the Artifice, (for so I now blieve it,) succeeded to his Wish, and she in Rage and Scorn of your Perfidy, promis'd a blind Obedience to her Father's Will; but did you see the Sadness of her Soul amidst her pompous Glories, you would not brand her with Inconstancy? For tho' she hates and loaths your base Disloyalty, she loves your Person; still loves you, amidst the broken Vows she thinks you guilty of.

Alex. Good Heav'n what have I done, that you shou'd throw the Care of me aside; and suffer me, when in my Country's Cause I was employ'd abroad, to be betray'd at home? Yet still she loves me; loves this faithless Man; oh let me throw my self beneath her Feet to thank her for the Grace! Oh *Teresia*, pity my Distress, and help me to a View of my lost Heaven.

Teres. Alas, my Lord, you know not what you ask; 'twou'd be inevitable Ruine to you both, shou'd you attempt it; and glad the Czar wou'd be of a Pretext to take her off, with any shew of Justice: For this very Day, before the Marriage Ceremonies scarce were finished, he strangely was surpriz'd with the Beauty of *Zarrianna*, Daughter to old Duke *Boris*; that much 'tis fear'd the Consequence will be the Ruine of *Marina*. He has deferr'd the Consummation of his Marriage till to morrow for Reasons, he says, of State, which will employ this Night.

Alex.

Alex. May then this Night, never a period know, but be for ever one Dark Eternity, to keep him from Possession of my ador'd and lov'd *Marina*. But oh *Teresia*, look on a Lover's Greifs; see this unhappy Man, who languishes and dyes but for one Sight of her, to plead my Innocence.

Teres. So well, my Lord, you know the Strictness of her Virtue, you scarce can hope it, now she is anothers.

Alex. I beg but one poor Hours Conference I ne're again shall ask it.

Teres. Alas, my Lord! Yet this I will promise you, since you will have it so, to acquaint her faithfully with all your Sufferings, your Truth and Love; and will prevail on her, if possible, to see you.

Alex. Ten thousand Blessings fall upon thee. This Habit I put on, in hopes to see her amongst the gazing Crowd; this will still conceal me.

Teres. It will indeed be least observ'd, for her known Charity to Pilgrims brings each Day a Crowd to be releiv'd.

Alex. But oh, what matter is it, whether I am conceal'd or no; remember, faithful Maid; remember dear *Teresia*, I live but in that hope to see her once agen, and then to die.

Teres. I'll plead your Cause, as if it were my own; in this Place in few Hours you shall know my Success. [Exit *Teres.*

Alex. Farewel till then; the time in Loves account will be an Age, tho' I can hope for nothing, but a bare Sight of my Belov'd, my Lost, my Cruel, my Kind, and my Deceiv'd, my *Marina* still, with all the Impatience of an expecting Lover I shall wait the wisht for Hour.

None but a Lover knows a Lovers Cares,

Where Hopes alternately succeed our Fears.

Hope is the Nurse of Love, and fears the Child:

But I, alas, from Hope am quite exil'd. [Exit *Alex.*

SCENE II.

Enter Demetrius and Fedor.

Fed. Pray hear me, Sir.

Dem. Be gone, I say, I'll hear no more; thy Counsel do's not please me.

Fed.

Fed. You'll repent one Day, you did not take it.

Dem. Forbear this Arrogance, or I will let you know who I am now, which you forget by thinking what I was.

Fed. My Counsel then, Sir, was not thought so weak; you know 'twas my Advice that mounted you thus high, where I wou'd have you sit secure, and not be tumbl'd down; this Act you are about to do will ruine you; I, as a Friend but warn you of your Danger, think you *Manzeck* will bear with Patience to see his Daughter not only slighted but Divorc'd for no just Cause. I tell thee, Emperour, 'twill cost thy Crown and Life.

Dem. Is it not Cause enough, to hinder the Enjoyment of a fairer then her self?

Fed. Her Father will not think it so; you thought her Fair, before Possession of a Crown had dazled your weak Sight.

Dem. How dare you still upbraid me; you know I'm now an Emperour, and you shall see my Power, if further you provoke me; a King sees not with Eyes of common Men; 'tis that perhaps has chang'd my Fancy.

Fed. This Arbitrary Rule, will soon dethrone you.

Demet. Thou see'st not with thy Coward Eyes the intricate Designs of State: Can I secure the *Poles* and *Cossacks*, faithful to my Services? The *Muscovite* was ever us'd to Slavery; and them I'll make obey me: By Conquest I obtain'd the Sovereignty; and will therein preserve a Conquerour's Right, and by Dispotick Power will force them to submit.

Fed. But think you, Sir, the *Poles* will not espouse the *Vaivode's* Interest.

Dem. I care not what they do. I will not fear the worst, let Cowards such as thou art, govern their Wills by Laws, and be by Reasons aw'd. Be gone, I say without Reply, and do as I command you; and let the Empress know, either she must resolve quietly to retire where I wou'd have her; or I shall not want Pretence of taking off her Head.

Fed. I must obey your Pleasure: But Heaven can tell with what Regret.

[Exit Fedor.]

Demet. Now to my *Zarrianna*, for mine she shall be: Once more by fair Perswasions, I will try to make her mine; the Proffer

proffer of the Crown her Father wore, may shake her foolish Constancy to *Zueski*; if not, force shall compel her to her own Happiness. [Exit.]

SCENE *Draws, and discovers Zueski and Zarrianna seated together.*

Enter Demetrius. They both start up.

Dem. Ha! how cam'st thou here? Did I not strictly charge you never shou'd see her more? A Guard here! Seize the Traytor.

Enter Bosman with a Guard and seizes Zueski.

Zuesk. Yes, thou may'st, Tyrant, force me from her thus; but never shall my Heart, that always still shall be my *Zarrianna's*.

Dem. Thy *Zarrianna*! no, she never shall be thine; this very hour I'll make her mine.

Zuesk. You cannot, dare not do't.

Zarri. to Zuesk.] Oh my dear Lord, why do you thus provoke his Fury?

Dem. How, dare not Traytor! away with him, and see his Head struck off immediately; think then thou foolish Man whose will *Zarrianna* be; I'll seize the trembling Maid, and rifle all that store of Beauty thou vainly think'st reserv'd for thee.

Zuesk. Yes, thou mayst add my Blood to all thy other Crimes, thoult find a *Hydra* Spring from my bleeding Wounds, which shall revenge my Death, and chase thee, Tyrant, from thy ill got Throne.

Dem. Away with the Prophetick Fool to Death.

[*They offer to take him off the Stage.*]

Zar. Stay, stay my *Zueski*, thou must not dye without thy *Zarrianna*. [*Zarri. takes hold of him.*]

See, see, the *Czar* relents, he cannot be so cruel. [*She kneels.*]
Oh, Royal Sir, pity a miserable Maid, to beg for him a Pardon, is the only good my wretched Fortunes left me.

Dem. Unwise *Zarrianna*, to think I'll hear thy Pleadings for my Rival; thy fondness of him does but urge his Fate!

D

Haste,

Haste, take him hence ; I will not hear her.

[He turns away, she follows him on her Knees, holding his Garment, and with the other hand holds Zueski.]

Zar. You must, you shall ; Oh spare his dearest Life, and I will never never see him more ; I will be yours, or any thing I'll do to save my Zueski's Life.

Zuesk. How Zarrianna, think you I am so fond of Life, to accept the Gift on such dishonourable Terms ; Ten Thousand Deaths are not so terrible as the curst Thought of being yours no more ; if loss of you must be the purchase of a poor precarious Life, I will not take the grant ; for whilst I live I never will resign my Title to you.

Dem. From thy own Mouth thy Sentence irrevocably's confirm'd. Bear him from hence I say ; I'll teach you to obey, and not dispute my Will.

Zar. If he must dye, it shall not be alone.

[Zarrianna rises hastily from her Knees, holds Zueski in her Arms.]

Oh do this one kind Act of cruel Mercy, and let his Zarrianna suffer with him ; let me partake the Fate of my dear Zueski ; for since with him thou wilt not let me live, in Death I will be his, in spite of all thy barbarous Cruelties.

Zuesk. Thou excellently good, and generous Maid ; the only Terror that I find in Death, is parting from my dearest Zarrianna ; but yet thou must not dye ; I hope a happier Fate than what is now preparing for thy Zueski, will attend thy matchless Love and Faith ; but by our Loves or Vows, and all the hopes we once were blest withal, I charge you never be that Tyrant's, that false Demetrius ; he is not worthy the Treasure of thy Love.

Dem. All this before my Face ; force him from her,

[The Guards force them asunder, and carry off Zueski.]

Zuesk. *looks back.* Farewell my dearest Love, a long and last farewell ; Tyrant be sure unreveng'd I shall not fall. *[Zar faints.]*

Dem. Ha ! she faints, Who waits there ? *[Calls at the Door.]*

Enter Women. They bow her forward, she revives.

Zar. Oh where's my Zueski, what have you done with him ? Alas he's gone to Death ; Oh, can I live to bear the cruel Thought ; Yet, yet, e'er 'tis too late, I beg you, *[She Kneels.]*

kneels] Sir, you wou'd recall your Doom.—By all your hopes of Heav'n, of Empire, and of Love, shew this one Act of Pity, and let my *Zueski* live.

Dem. Shall I in Pity to a hated Rival, by saving of his Life destroy my own? For 'tis not possible that I can live without thee.

Zar. Oh no, you cannot love me as you say, and see me kneel in vain; Alas, I find I have no Power with you.

Dem. I must not spare his Life, but dare not longer hear you; Rise *Zarrianna*, and do not further [*Offers to take her up.*] urge me to my own Ruine.

Zar. Never till you have granted my Request; fixt as the Needle to its Pole, beloved Pole, I'm here immoveable, will kneel for ever till you grant my *Zueski's* Life.

Dem. If by reprieving him from Death, bless me with your Love, I wou'd do any thing to gain the share he has of such unbounded Passions.

Zar. Oh do but try how generous I can be; in sparing him what a stock you'll raise of Gratitude; and Gratitude in time may grow to Love. You loose my Heart for ever, if you think to gain it with my Lover's Blood, not all the Racks, not all the Tortures malicious Cruelty can think of, shall ever force me to be his, who is my *Zueski's* Murderer. Alas, I find your Passion is but feign'd, for were it real, you could not thus reject my Pray'rs, my Tears, you cou'd not so unmov'd behold my Griefs, and unrelenting see my sad Extremity; (if, as you say you lov'd) Oh, you wou'd fly to grant me this one, this poor Petition.

Dem. Yes *Zarrianna*, I will let thee see I love thee more [*Takes her up.*] than Life, or Empire.

Enter an Officer.

Haste, and prevent the Execution order'd to be perform'd on *Zueski*, and see him safe confin'd within the Castle. [*Exit Officer.*] Oh *Zarrianna*, Is not this to love, to save my Rival's Life? But still remember he's within my Power, and nothing but your Love is the Ransom; Death is but deferr'd.

Re-enter the Officer.

Offic. Great Sir, your Mercy came too late; I met an Officer

who *Bosman* sent to tell your Majesty your Will was Executed.

Zar. Oh where's the Power that does of Innocence take Care? [Weeps.]

Dem. Dry up those Tears fair *Zarrianna*, I for your Lover's loss will make you ample Recompence, by setting thee upon the *Russian* Throne.

Zar. Thee and thy Greatness I disdain, think not the Murderer of *Zueski* shall e'er have share in *Zarrianna's* Heart.

Dem. Ungrateful Maid, Is this the Thanks thou pay'st my Love? Thou know'st I wou'd have sav'd him.

Zar. 'Tis false, thou didst delay the Grant till thou wert sure thy hellish Orders were perform'd; thy Face o'respread with a malignant Joy, shews the Content thou dost receive to hear thy Rival is no more; but do not feed thy Hopes, to think his Death shall ever give thee possession of his *Zarrianna*, who hates, who loaths thee, and the Light.

Dem. Unjust and cruel *Zarrianna*, the hand of Fate was in't, which hurry'd him so fast to his Destruction.

Zar. passionately.] The Hand you mean of Hell, which always guides thy Heart, pernicious Tyrant. Was't not enough your Cruelty depriv'd me of my Parents and a Brother, by thee most treacherously and basely Murder'd; but to compleat my Miseries, and make me truly wretched, thou'st rob'd me of a Husband?

Dem. A Husband *Zarrianna*.

Zar. Yes, a Husband, Tyrant, marry'd that fatal hour you forc'd him from me. Oh hear me Heaven, hear, hear my killing Grievs, and double all your Vengeance for Murder and Oppression, on this curst inglorious Head.

Dem. Thy Curses hurt not me: Yet do not foolish Maid, too much presume upon my Temper; I may, too far provok'd, grow passionate; you know my Love, and 'tis to that you owe your Safety.

Zar. Offering her Breast.] Here Tyrant, strike, glut here thy bloody Rage, too well thou know'st the way to *Zarrianna's* Blood, strike in thy Dagger to this faithful Breast; Rip, rip it up, and see imprinted on my Heart the Image of my *Zueski*, where thou shalt never come. I do condemn thy Crown and

and thee with equal Detestations, abhor thy loath'd Embraces worse than Death. Hear, Oh ye holy Powers, my Imprecations; if e'er I but in one, one single Thought yeild to the foul polluted Bed of the curst Murderer of my dearest Lord, may all the Plagues on Earth, and Pains in Hell, o'ertake me, and may my name to all succeeding Ages be revil'd and scorn'd, as much as I do thee.

Dem. Sure *Zarrianna*, you forget you are within my Power; but since you've rous'd the Lyon, I will my self appear, and tell thee, proud Imperious Maid, what my Intreaties cannot gain, I will enjoy by Force.

Zarr. That is indeed most worthy of thy self; Murders and Rapes are but a Sport to thee; yet Wicked Man, I'll not miscall thee, King, I fear you not, and am prepar'd for all thy Rage and lawless Power can execute or think.

Demet. Oh *Zarrianna*, see thy wondrous Power, see how my Love prevails and calms me into softness: I wou'd do more than Man can think or utter, to gain a Share in thy Esteem and Love.

Zarr. Yes there is one way, for which alone I will forgive thee all.

Dem. Oh name it quickly; I'll fly through Earth and Seas to purchase but a Smile from lovely *Zarrianna*.

Zar. Swear you will do it then.

Demet. I do, by all my Hopes of Happiness and thee.

Zarr. It is to do a Justice on thy self; stab there, tear out that execrable Heart, and let me see it panting at my Feet. I cou'd throw off my Sex's Tendernefs, and smile to see the Purple Gore exhausted; see thee with Pleasure extended on the Earth, breathless and pale. When thus my *Zueski's* Murder is reveng'd, I will forgive thee Dead, but never whilst thou Livest. To this bear witness, Heaven.

Demet. How dar'st thou, rash unheedful Maid, thus trifle with my Passion?

Zarr. Trifle! By all that's good and holy I am serious; for nothing less than such a Sacrifice can expiate my Crimes.

Demet. Since then the tame Submission of a Lover can't prevail; I'll make you know the Power you dare so much contemn

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temn ; and as *I* am your Emperour, command what you refuse me.

[*Stamps with his Foot.*

Enter an Officer.

Here take this peevish Beauty ; and force her to my Apartment.

[*Officer goes to seize her, she draws a Dagger and sets it to her Breast.*

Zar. Stand off and touch me not, no, Tyrant, as long as *I* am Mistress of this, thou shalt not force me to thy Brutish Will ; the Moment that you offer any Violence, I'll plunge to my Heart this fatal Dagger.

Demet. You talk of Death, as if you did not fear it. Have you consider'd what it is to dye ? those Agonies and Pangs amaze the most resolved.

Zarr. Such guilty Souls as thine indeed may fear ; my unspotted Innocence of Happiness secure, freed from the Miseries of this bad World, will in the next enjoy an everlasting Peace, and join agen my *Zueski* ; there I shall taste essential Joys, and what will add to Bliss, shall never see thee more: Rid of this Clog of useless Life my Soul shall mount where thine must never come. No Tyrant, there's a Place prepar'd for such black Crimes as thine, where thou for wickedness must change thy Empire, to roar amongst thy Fellow Devils. [*Exit Zarrianna.*

Demet. To the Officer.] Go after, seize and carry her to the Castle ; let *Bosman* know it is my Will she shou'd be guarded strictly ; tell him his Life shall answer her escape. [*Exit Officer hastily.*] Sure I shall find a way to tame this most Imperious Beauty, and bend her stubborn Will. *Zueski* I have in time dispatch'd, to whom *I* find *I* was suspected ; he might have prov'd as dangerous to my State as to my Love ; such a Competitor was worth removing.

I by his Death, my Crown and Love enjoy ;
What e'er Obstructs my Will, *I* must destroy :
No Laws *I*'ll own, but what to Pleasure tends,
And know no Saints, but what will serve my Ends.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T III. Scene I.

*Enter Marina, Terrefia; Fedor, Alexander at a distance
in Disguise.*

Mari. **Y**OU may acquaint the Czar, 'tis my last Resolutions, for since I have the Honour to be his Wife, I will maintain the greatness of my Character, and not submit to any thing below my Dignity.

Fed. Madam, I will acquit my self with all the Candor due to your Innocence and Vertue; but much I fear your Ruine is design'd, and tremble at the Consequence of your Refusal.

[Exit Fedor.]

Mari. Oh my *Teresia*, what is't my wretched Fortune will do with me, forc'd by a Rigorous Father's Policy and Power, from him I lov'd, to marry one I hate, and now contemn'd by him?

Teres. Why will you not consent to what the Tyrant asks? Better it is, to pass your Days in an obscure Retirement, than be confin'd to one you Loath.

Mari. No, I will ne'er, to save my Life, submit to Crimes he may alledge against me. Let him force me to a Monastery, which he wou'd have to be my Choice: No, since I must never be my *Alexander's*, my Life is of no use; and let him take it; I shall be pleas'd to think him faithful to me.

Teres. Why, will you not consent to see him, Madam.

Mari. Alas, my Heart too willingly wou'd yeild; but oh, I dare not; the Czar, who seeks Pretences to destroy me, wou'd gladly take the Occasion to asperse my Honour.

Teres. His Disguise takes off all Suspicion; who wou'd suspect a Lover under the Habit of a Pilgrim; had you but seen how earnestly he begg'd, how his Eyes spoke in a Language moving, more moving than his charming Tongue, had you seen this, you cou'd not be so cruel to deny him.

Mari. Alas, *Teresia*, 'tis impossible to bring him, without a strict Enquiry, and should he thro' his false Disguise be known, think the Event; my Life, and his, much dearer than my own;

own; and what is more than Death, my Fame, my spotless Reputation left defac'd, and mangl'd, the Prey of every Idle Tongue.

Teres. Suppose I cou'd convey him to your Presence with Secrecy and Safety, wou'd you then, Dear Madam, forgive me.

Mari. I cannot dare to see him; I have a Guilt sits heavy at my Heart to be so easily subdued to think him false, I cannot bear to see the Torrents of his sad Despair. I am already overcharg'd with Greifs; but that wou'd sink me quite.

Teres. Oh, Madam, see your poor desponding Lover,
[*Alexander coming forward Kneels, kisses her Hand, and Rises.*
the unhappy *Alexander*, who hears your kind Excuses.

Alex. Yes, my *Marina*; still let me call you mine, there is a charming Accent in that Sound that lulls my Greifs---Yes my dear Mistress---Thus, thus I ever will upbraid my most ador'd *Marina*.

Mari. What have you done, *Teresia*? I fear you've ruin'd your unhappy Mistress.

Alex. Blame not *Teresia*, 'tis only I am faulty: I mingl'd, unobserv'd, amongst a Crowd of Pilgrims, who waited for your Charity; and follow'd you thus far unknown to any but *Teresia*; I heard your Tyrant's most unjust Commands; heard and admir'd the greatness of your Courage; and beg you'd let me free you from this threatening Storm, before it breaks upon you.

Mari. By all Just Ways my Honour may admit of, I will accept of your Aid.

Alex. I must not, dare not any way upbraid you: My cruel Fortune only I'll accuse: But tell me my *Marina*; if still thou lov'st thy most unhappy Man, and I shall dye contented.

Mari. Oh *Alexander*, why dost thou doubt my Love? But I forgive thee; thou hast indeed just Cause. Yet hear me, my Dear Lord, and credit thy *Marina*; so well, so wondrous well I love thee, that I wou'd leave this Throne, if so I might, without a Crime, to dwell with thee in Chains.

Alex. This is indeed a Happiness that nothing but Possession of ever can exceed; but let me beg of you to consider of your
lost

lost Condition if thou continuest here, thy Life will be the Sacrifice to satisfy thy cruel Husband's New-born Passion. Oh fly from this Tyrannical, this barbarous Man. I beg you would let me privately convey you to my Father's Court, where you would find a safe Retreat and honourable welcome.

Mari. Alas, my Lord, your Passion blinds you; can you so soon forget the Letter which *Teresa* told you of, which has undone us both? If when my Fame stood clear to all the World, he disesteem'd me as an unworthy Match for his brave Son; how will he look on me, or how receive me, when an unhappy Fugitive, I seek for Sanctuary?

Alex. I think he'd scorn such Artifice. Is it not possible that I may see the Letter? too well I know his Characters to be mistaken in them.

Mari. I've ever kept it as an Amulet, against my too prevailing Passion for you: There, my Dear *Alexander*, is the unlucky Cause of our Unhappiness. *[Gives him the Letter, he opens and reads it.]*

Alex. By all that's dear to me I swear *Marina*, this Writing's none of his; the Signet too is Counterfeit and False.

Mari. Oh most unjust and cruel Father, how has thy thirst of Glory ruin'd poor undone and lost *Marina*! Oh *Alexander*, leave a Wretch abandon'd by Heaven to her deserved Destiny: Provide for your own Safety. But do not urge me; my Dear Lord, to do a Deed that must for ever blast me, if *Manzeck* who betray'd me to this Ruine, will quietly sit still and see his Daughter Fall, Heav'n's Will must be obey'd.

Teres. Nothing, Dear Madam, but a speedy Flight, can any way secure you: Think how your Answer will enrage the Czar; his Purposes, what'e'r they be, he'll soon put into Act, before the Vavoude has notice of your Danger, or can find means to aid you.

Alex. By all my Sufferings; by our unhappy Loves; and by these Tears which did not use to flow, I beg you on my Knees you will escape the Blow, which is by this preparing for you. Let me convey you to some Place of Safety; far from the Reach of this most cruel Tyrant.

Mari. I will do all a virtuous Woman ought. Do you,

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Teresa,

Teresa, I go to *Saphia*, the good old Empress, and let her know the Danger threatens me; tell her I humbly crave her kind Advice in this unhappy State. [Exit *Teresa*.]

Alex. I will not idle stand, and see you fall a Prey to his Barbarity: I'll throw off this Disguise and something Act, that shall yet save you, even against your Will, or else I'll perish with you. [Going.]

Mari. Come back my Lord I conjure you, in your rash Designs, whatsoe'er they be, I suffer more than in the most tormenting Death, Heaven yet may unexpected Succour send. If I must dye, my Lord, hear and observe me: I do command you, if still I have that Power, that by no Violence you offer at your Life; but live to know a better Fortune than what's allotted to the undone *Marina*.

Alex. Oh most unkind *Marina*, to think so poorly of my Love, as to beleive it possible I cou'd survive ye. No, no, *Marina*, I swear that Moment that the Tomb receives you in its cold Habitation, I will in Death enjoy that Blessing which is deny'd me here; I'll peirce this faithful Heart, and throw me by your Side, and in these dying Arms will lock you fast in everlasting Love, and safe Embraces, ne'er to be parted more.

Mari. Since then our Destinies will have it so; I'll throw off this vile Disguise; and to my Father represent my Danger, with his Advice Act what he shall think fit, for all our common Safeties.

Alex. Now my *Marina*, you are kind indeed; but be careful of your self; and if you see the Tyrant, do not urge his Rage against you; and leave the rest to Heaven. [Exit *Alex*.]

Enter *Teresa*.

Teresa. Oh, Madam, fly; the Czar in Rage is coming to seek you here.

Mari. No, let the guilty fly; my Innocence shall be all the Sanctuary I'll seek.

Enter *Demetrius*, *Carlos*, *Bosman*, and *Guards*.

Demet. How is it, Madam, when my Will you know, you dare dispute my positive Commands? Do you not tremble at my Power. I come to tell thee, proud *Marina*, no longer Empress,

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Empress, you must resign that Title, or your Life.

Mari. 'Tis not an empty Title I contend for, but will not derogate from the Honour of my Birth, to satisfy your most unjust Demands. I have a Father, who dares and will revenge my Wrongs; but would discard me from his paternal Care, should I, to save my Life, by my Confessions to your unjust Demands, betray a poor and abject Spirit, unworthy of his Daughter.

Demet. Think you to awe me by your Father's Power: I dare dispute, when ever he thinks fit to challenge me, who shall Command my Empire, he or I?

Mari. And his victorious Army; as having try'd already which is most us'd to vanquish, commanded by that petty Prince, whom now your greatness does so much despise; and yet he once saw the most mighty Czar of all the Potent *Russians*, servile lying at his Feet, to crave his Aid, and sought, nay begg'd his so much now disdain'd Alliance. Ungrateful Prince, you know his Succours plac'd you in your Throne, gave you by his Assistance, the Power you now wou'd use for his Destruction: Yes, ungenerous as you are, you would reward his Toil and Labours, his loss of Blood, and all his Services, by heaping Sorrows on his Aged Head.

Demet. 'Tis said I am not Master of my Passion; but I appeal to all who see my Patience, if any Anchorit cou'd shew a greater Temper, provok'd by such unjust Reproaches.

Mari. You make a Vertue of what your Guilt occasions, that strikes a Conscious Horrour thro' your Soul, and shames you into Patience.

Demet. Take heed, unwise *Marina*; your Life, as well as Person, are at my Disposol.

Mari. My Life, I know, is what thou aim'st at, that thou may'st take; I'm not sollicitous to save it, nor wou'd accept it on thy Base Conditions, to which no Racks nor Tortures e'er shall make me condescend.

Dem. Bosman, secure *Marina* in the Castle, and place a strong and faithful Guard upon her till my farther Orders.

Mari. Now, Sir, indeed you do appear your self, a faithless Husband and a lawless Tyrant: The avenging and impar-

tial Hand of Heav'n will thunder on thy Head a just Revenge
for all the Injuries thou'lt heap'd on me.

Dem. Bosman, take hence your Prisoner; be gone without
Reply.

Mari. I am your Wife; to Prison or to Death, no matter
which. [Exit Bos. with Marina.

Dem. O *Carclos*, did'st ever see a Man so wrack'd by two
Imperious Women! Tortur'd alike by her I hate and her I
Love: But I will find a way to brake their stubborn Wills, and
in spite of Fortune to be happy yet.

Carc. 'Tis because ye servilely submit. Throw off the Hus-
band and the Humble Lover, appear all Emperour, let Dazling
Greatness strike on their weak Sex; and your Command, firm
and immovable as the Decrees of Fate, which they may know
and tremble at, but never dare to Disobey.

Deme. Come to my Arms my *Carclos*; thou speak'st the ve-
ry Dictates of my own undaunted Soul: Let Cowards fear, and
Fools their Interests weigh; I will pursue my Ends, and stem
this raging Tide, tho' I were sure to perish in the Attempt.
Do you, good *Carclos*, keep but your *Cossacks* fast, and place a
strong Detachment of them in the Fort, which may secure the
Castle from Surprize, and let the Body of them quarter'd in the
Strelitza have notice given them to be ready upon the first
Command. *Bosman* my Orders too shall have; and then I
nothing have to fear but *Zarrianna's* foolish Constancy, which,
if continu'd, I'll surmount by Force.

Carc. Can she, dares she refuse the Honours you intend
her?

Demet. Refuse it, *Carclos*! She is so proud, that she con-
temns and scorns me, as if I were the meanest of her Slaves;
yet I will enjoy her, though it shou'd cost my Crown.

Carc. Do, Revel on her Beauties; and when you are sated
on the Feast the little Glutton Love prepares, return her scorn;
cast her despis'd away; dispose her to your Slaves, and let
them humble her.

Demet. 'Tis well advis'd; delays in Love like mine are in-
supportable; an Hour's an Age; a Day Eternity; no, *Carclos*,
I'll not trust the Fickle Fortunes of another Day; but will this
Night,

(29)
Night, this very Night, possess her, therefore make hast, and see my Orders put in Execution.

Carc. Fear not, your valiant *Cossacks*, led by the Man whose Fortune and whose Life is yours. Taste perfect Joy, (my Royal Lord.) As Fate has been profuse, gather with a Liberal Hand, and leave the Drudgery of Business to your faithful Slave.

[Exit *Carclos*.

Demet. This Man is right, the Favourite of a luxurious Prince, must nurse his Pleasures; I will be safe, tho' I am bloody; better be cruel to others than my self. When these Domestick Troubles are remov'd, *Marina* taken off, and *Zarrianna* plac'd in her Room, *Sophia* the old cunning Empress, who knows full well I am not what she now in Policy does own me, she, I must have dispatch't, whilst the Secret's safe: Her Testimony produc'd against me in a Turn of State wou'd be of wondrous Force; and *Fedor* too, must be dispos'd of: He likes not my Proceedings, nor I his bold Advice, which he presumes to trouble me withall, as knowing more than I my self am willing to remember: When thus I am secur'd I'll Reign an Emperour indeed. Nature bestow'd on me the likeness of *Demetrius* for no uncommon end; by Subtilty I reacht this most stupendious Height; but now I'll throw aside the Fox's Skin, and shew the Lyon under: I'll Revell in Love and Empire, and taste the Sweets of unconfin'd Command.

By subtile Arts I've gain'd a Crown,
And like the glorious Sun, I'll reign alone,
And know no Pow'r Superiour to my own.

SCENE II.

Enter Manzeck, Alexander in Disguise, and Fedor.

Manz. Oh *Fedor*, if what thou say'st be true; where shall I hide my Ignominious Head? To have my Age supplanted by a Boy! To engage my Arms and Honour in Favour of a vile Impostor! How cou'd I curse my own Credulity, that led me to this Errour, and to betray the Life and Fortune of my Child! Oh Noble Youth, Is't possible you can forgive this guilty Man the Wrongs he's done your Loves? What cou'd I less expect
from

from angry Heav'n to force this Breach of Faith? Force her from thy expecting longing Arms, into a Monster's, that would now destroy her, and fix an everlasting Blemish on my Reputation? I'll blush to Death, and hide me from my Shame. Oh *Alexander*! Turn away thine Eyes, I cannot bear those sad despairing Looks, and that dejected Face of Sorrow, peirce through my faulty Soul.

Alex. This is too much, my Lord; pray afflict not thus your self.

Manz. Thy Goodness makes me see my Shame with greater Sorrow.

Fedor. It is not now a time to talk; *Marina* will be lost without your speedy Succour.

Manz. I'll not be wanting to do my best to save her; which if I can't effect, I will revenge her Death with utmost Rigour. Haste you my *Alexander*, give an Alarm, as if you wou'd assault that part of the Castle where the Palace stands; and whilst they draw their Strength to their Defence of that, I may surprize the part I find least guarded; and when once enter'd, I doubt not to defend it, or else I'll perish with her.

Alex. Fighting in such a Cause, I cannot chuse but vanquish. [Both going.]

Enter Zueski, Zaporjus, Basilius, and Rureck.

Zuesk. My Lord come back; I've heard with Joy your Noble-Resolution; and bring you such Assistance, as shall not fail to make your Enterprize succeed.

Manz. *Zueski*! May I believe my Eeyes? Or is it some Illusion come from the Dead to flatter up my Hopes? For by what Miracle you cou'd preserve your Life, I cannot comprehend.

Zuesk. That at our leisure Hours I'll take a time to tell; but now I have Affairs of greater Moment to entertain you with: Your Wrongs, my own, and my unhappy Country's, have instigated with us, all the *Boyars* to rise against the Tyrant, and with sufficient Power arm'd, will help you to dethrone him. *Bosman*, the General of his Forces, and who, as Governour, commands

commands the Castle, will give it up to you on your first Summons, and put it in your Power how to dispose of your *Marina's* Fate, and snatch her from the Death design'd her by the Impostor: These Eyes are Witnesses that the true *Demetrius*, stabb'd through the Heart with many Wounds, was slain. Who this is now, wou'd falsely represent him, Heaven only knows.

Manz. I blush with Shame, my Lord, to say I know it well; but not till now, just now, this good old Man discover'd the Deceit. *Fedor* stand forth, and tell the generous *Zueski* who thy false Master is.

Enter Fedor coming forward.

Zuesk. Fedor! Alas, my Lord, I fear we are betray'd: This is his Creature; the Pander to his most Licentious Pleasures, and his Absolver for them.

Fed. My Lord, indeed you injure me; I never was a Friend to any of his Vices; but as becomes my Sacred Function, I always most severely reprehended his most Unjust and Arbitrary Will, for which he doom'd me to a shameful Death, which I by Miracle escap'd: The only Wickedness I e're was guilty of (led by too much Ambition) was, in encouraging him to seek the Crown he now unjustly does possess, and which he shews himself unworthy of. 'Tis not Revenge for his Ingratitude that forces from me this suspected Truth; but the Remonstrances of Conscience, which would not let me rest, till I to Heav'n had sent up this Peace-Off'ring; and by Detection of his Cheat, atton'd for my own guilty part.

Rure. Is't possible that *Fedor* too has quitted the Interest of his Master? All things concur to make us think that Heav'n concerns its self in our poor Country's Wrong, and favours our Design.

Zuesk. O speak, good *Fedor*, may we believe thee?

Fed. Witness these Tears, these these true repentant Tears that flow to wash away, if possible, the Foulness of my Guilt; Think, my Noble Lords, if this a Secret is to circumvent you with. My Life is more within your Power, than yours can be in mine; to dissipate your Fears of my Integrity, I will disclose a Secret worth your Knowledge, and tell you whom this
false

false *Demetrius* is, which no one but himself, besides me, knows.

Zuesk. Go on, good *Fedor*; we impatiently attend the Sequel of your Story.

Fed. Observe me then: His Father's Name was *Smyna O-tropeia*, descended from an ancient Family of *Gereffau*, who for his voluptuous and vicious Life confin'd him to a Monastery under my Tuition; where I, unhappy as I was, spurr'd his Ambition, by often insinuating to him, the Resemblance he bore to that *Demetrius*, who by Duke *Boris* Cruelty was slain. This in a pregnant working Genius, which he always had, urg'd him to own himself to be the lawful and only surviving Heir of *John Basilovitz*: He soon after gain'd admittance into the Family of the Patriarch, where being for a Fault chastiz'd, the false *Demetrius* (weeping) told him, *If he knew his Birth, he wou'd not use him so.* The Patriarch press'd him to discover who he was. He did, and in such cunning and pathetic Terms, as he who not suspecting Artifice, believ'd him: The good Old Man, I say, affected with the Wrongs he thought was done this false *Demetrius*, promis'd his Protection, and gave him Countenance, which soon reach'd to the Ear of *Boris*, who from the Patriarch then demanded him: He not having Force sufficient to support his Interest, sent him to *Sendomiria*, where you my Lord [*To Manz.*] can tell the Noble Usage which he there did meet, receiv'd by all as rightful Czar of *Muscovy*; the rest you know, my Lords; and with what strange Success his Arms prevail'd, and seated him upon the *Russian* Throne.

Zuesk. I wanted not the Confirmation of his being always what I knew him, an Impostor; but was a Stranger to this useful Story, which well deserves our Thanks.

Bassi. Let's lose no time, but instantly dethrone the bold Usurper.

Zuesk. Assert your Right, and set our Countries free.

Zap. Let us disperse this Truth amongst the Common People, who do already hate him for his Impiety: They'll lend us hands enough to make our Work secure.

Rur. We need them not; you know they're always ready for

for Innovations ; that Government is best to them that makes most Holydays. We have Hands enough, and Hearts that dare to strike. When that is done, there needs no more, but to expose his Vile and naked Body to open View ; all know the true *Demetrius* had on his Arm a plain and perfect Figure of a Cross.

Zuesk. 'Tis true he had ; that will suffice.

Enter Bosman.

Bos. My Lord, I come to seek you. [To *Zueski.*
I've Business of Importance to acquaint you with.

Zuesk. Speak, *Bosman*, here's none but Friends ; and what I am concern'd in is now our Common Cause.

Bos. The furious Czar is from the Castle just return'd, exasperated by *Zarrianna's* Scorn, and the Empress's steady Resolution : He swore they both should die this very Night, if they'll not submit to his unjust Commands: This I thought fit to let you understand, not to encrease your Fears for your fair Mistress, but that you might with Speed prepare to give me your Support when I shall need it. The Castle I will keep as now it is, within my Power, to hinder his securing of himself, and to preserve a safe Retreat for us, if we shou'd be discover'd before our great Design is ripe for Execution.

Zuesk. That must with utmost Vigilance be taken Care of ; for shou'd he be possess'd of that, he'd have a Ransome in *Marina* and my *Zarrianna*, to force his own Conditions.

Bos. A Thousand of the *Cossacks* are by his Order plac'd within the Fort ; but they we may with ease suppress, if they shou'd dare to stir ; those Forces I have there double their Numbers, and are the Choice of them I dare confide in. My Lord *Bassilius*, *Rureck* and *Zaporjus* may easily conceal a number of such Soldiers, as I without Observance will there convey.

Bassi. There's none of us that will be wanting to help to right our selves and injur'd Country ; and will dispose them, to my Charge committed, with Secrefie and Safety.

Rur. It is our common Interest so to do.

Zap. You may dispose of us, and of our Houses, as you think fit.

F

Bos.

Bos. to Manz.] And you, my Lord, with speed repair, to draw together your dispersed Forces; we must, if possible, secure the middle City.

Zap. We'll strike too sure to let him scape our Vengeance, Nor give him time to think of his Defence.

Rure. *Bosman* advises well, for often when we beleive there's most Security, we find the greatest Danger.

Zusk. However, to provide against the worst, it is Success in all such Undertakings that justifies the Action, and should we miss of ours, as no one knows the uncertainty of Events, our provident Foresight will then be useful to us.

Manz. to Bos.] My Forces are already drawn into a Body; and when you give the Word, I'll at their Head appear, and order them where-ever you appoint.

Bos. I will dispose them, as best may serve your purpose in saving your *Marina*.

Zusk. All things, I hope, conspire to his Ruine: May Heaven but Patronize our Cause, and then it must succeed; a juster never was contended for, to free our Country from Oppression and a Tyrant's Power, who has no Right to govern. Either I'll perish in this great Design, or set my Country free from Usurpation.

Alex. Lead on, my Lord, you shall not want such Followers as shall by you commanded, help to compleat his Ruine.

Zusk. to Manz.] Who is this generous Stranger, Sir, I do not well remember I have seen him?

Manz. A noble Youth; I blush to say, I've injur'd past Forgiveness; a brave and valiant Man; you'll find him worth your Friendship, and he is like you a Lover.

Zusk. His Presence speaks him Noble. [*Saluting him.*] Pardon me, Sir; that I so late observ'd you; I will endeavour to deserve your Friendship.

Alex. Tho' I'm a Stranger to your Person, Sir, I am not to your Vertues.

Bos. to Alex.] Is't possible, my Lord, you shou'd forget your *Bosman*?

Alex. Bosman! The very same, by all my Hopes he is, who in the German Court afforded me his Friendship. [*Embraces him.*
[To

[*To him aside.*] Oh generous *Bosman*; thou hast within thy Charge the lovely Idol of my Soul.

Bos. Let not your Care for fair *Marina* disturb you; I will preserve her Life with hazard of my own.

Zusk. *Bosman*, think you we may with Safety pass your Guards to meet at *Rureck's* House to Night at Six.

Bos. You may, my Lord, there's none shall see you, but those who are our Friends.

Zusk. There we might watch the Tyrant's Proceedings, and if he dares to offer any Violence to *Marina* or *Zarrianna*, be ready to assist them.

Rur. My Lords, I'll there expect you; and will prepare with Secresie and Safety for your Reception. [*Exit Rur.*]

Alex. May I not hope, good *Bosman*, for a Sight of your dear Charge.

Bos. You shall in all things command your faithful *Bosman*.

Zusk. At Four, Good *Bosman*, attend me at the Gate which leads to the Coyent of St. *Nicholas*; you must convey me to my *Zarrianna*.

Bos. I will be ready, Sir.

Zusk. to Manz.] I shall, my Lord, expect you at *Rureck's* House at Six. *Bosman* will be your Guide, and that young noble Lord's.

Manz. We will not fail you, Sir.

Bos. to Alex.] Meet me, my Lord; the Hour and Place appointed by *Zueski*; I will conduct you to your Happiness.

Zusk. *Bosman*, let *Fedor* be your Care; and see him safely to the Patriarch's Palace, who knows and do's approve of our Design.

Bos. My Lord, I will.

Zusk. Thy Fate, false Prince is fixt; thy Blood must pay for thy too bold Presumption, and yeild thy Life to my undoubted Claim.

The Tyrant to my double Rights must bow,
Empire and Love, no Rivals will allow.

[*Exit.*]

A C T IV. Scene I. *The Castle.**Enter Marina and Zarrianna as in the Castle.*

Zarr. **Y**OU justly may accuse unconstant Fortune ; but your suffering Vertue, yet may hope Reward ; 'tis I am past all hope : Disarm'd and watch'd each Moment, dreading my approaching Fate, which looks all horrid. Ruine from the Tyrant's Hand, dismal Ruine and Dishonour. Oh bitter Portion of unmeasurable Woe, why do I live ? Oh cursed, Thought ! I live only to do this generous Princess Wrong.

Mari. Call not that Wrong which is my greatest Happiness ; to dispossess me of the Love of him I hate, can be no Injury. Ten thousand Deaths are not so terrible, as his abhor'd and loath'd Embraces. Pardon me Heav'n ; he is indeed my Husband ; but Love, like Empires, are in Fate's disposing. My Hand I was constrain'd to give ; but for my Heart, oh Love, it was given before ; I could most willingly resign my Part of Empire to you, as the most deserving ; but as my Honour is concern'd, you cannot justly blame me, that I so obstinately do and will defend it.

Zarr. Oh name not Empire ; when Life's a Load I cannot bear. Death to me is the only solid Good, my strange, unhappy Fate has left me. What signifies to Breath a useless Life away, dispoil'd of all its Joys, and multiply in Sorrows, as in Years : I will, if possible, provoke his Fury, and make him kindly cruel : Force him by Scorn and my Upbraidings to strike his Dagger thro' that Heart already pierc'd with Woe.

Enter Zueski and Alexander disguis'd.

Mari. Alas, my Courage now is turn'd to Fears ; see, Madam, see the Messengers of my unhappy Fate ; Death at a Distance bore no unpleasing Sound ; but now in view a panick Fear has seiz'd me all o'er ; my Coward Heart betrays my Weakness ; much for my self I fear, but more, much more for my dear *Alexander*.

Zarr.

Zarr. If 'tis the Empress, the Innocent *Marina*, that you come to seek, 'tis I am she, strike home, and do not fear, for her who knows none, for her self, who Commission gives you; for the Deed will gratifie you for executing it.

*[Zueski and Alexander throw off their Disguises;
Alexander goes to Marina.]*

Zuesk. See, generous Maid, if *Zueski* can mistake his *Zarrianna*, who comes to free thee from a Tyrant's Power; and seize thee for himself. Ha! dost thou fly me? I thought thou wou'dst a flown into thy Husband's Arms, which thus extended longs for thy Embraces.

[As he approaches to her she draws back and looks amaz'd at him.]

Zar. *Running into his Arms.* Oh, is it possible thou liv'st, and that I see and hear thee speak; speak again, my *Zueski*, my dear lov'd Lord; I fear I am not well awake, and some Delusion in that dearest Form, deceives my easie Faith.

Zuesk. *embracing her.* Thus may'st thou ever dream, and never wake to know another Sorrow, but rest uninterrupted in thy Husband's Arms, thou choicest Excellence and only Good my Life was ever possess'd of.

Zarr. 'Tis he, by all my Hopes 'tis he himself, my dearest Lord, my Husband: O help me to support this Extasie of Joy, to see thee safe, and have thee fast within these faithful Arms! I cannot, dare not yet believe my Senses; *[Embracing him fondly.]* for how is't possible you cou'd escape the Death design'd you, or having done so, deceive the watchful Tyrant; tell me, my *Zueski*, whilst I've an Interval of Moderation.

Zuesk. Credit thy Senses, which inform thee right; I am what I appear to be, thy *Zueski*, sav'd by the ever-faithful *Bosman*, whose Power with the Guards to whom I was committed, was my Security.

Zarr. How could you, *Zueski*, be so cruelly unkind to let me suffer all the Horrors of a sad Despair, when you might easily have found the means to let me know you liv'd. Alas, you do not love your *Zarrianna*; for if you had, you wou'd a fear'd the Consequence of my tumultuous Sorrows.

Zuesk. Not love thee, *Zarrianna*! By all my Hopes of Heaven

ven, and Joys on Earth, thou'rt dearer to me, far more dear, than all Comparisons can speak thee: I watch'd the happy Opportunity of being the Messenger my self to be a Witness of thy transporting Joys.

Zarr. A small Excuse will serve, where so much Love is ready to receive it. But oh, my dearest Lord, remove me from this place; I dread the Tyrant's Power, and fear the Death he has threatned me withall; for now I dare not die, since my *Zueski* lives.

Zueski. This place you are secure in, under the Guard of none but those who are your Friends. The fair *Marina* with you shall here Protection find against his Violence, which, if we can protract but some few Hours, his Name and Power of Emperor shall both expire together.

Mari. to Alexand.] This News, my Lord, brings no Ease to my Affliction: Let him be what he will, he is my Husband still, to whom I owe a Duty, tho' he seeks my Ruine.

Alex. Unjust *Marina*, is this your tender Love, to give him only the Reversion of your Heart? Do not dissemble so thy Inclinations, which are to love thy Tyrant Husband: Yes, 'tis plain thou lov'st this Barbarous Man, spight of his Cruelty and Contempt.

Mari. How have I merited these most unjust Reproaches? I did permit you with my Father's Aid to use all Honourable Ways for my Deliverance; and will by his wise Counsels still be govern'd: If this is to be False, Dissembling, and Unjust, then I'm so indeed; but did not think that *Alexander* wou'd a' call'd me so.

[*She turns from him and weeps,
He follows her and kneels.*]

Alex. Oh pardon me, *Marina*, and stop those precious Tears; forgive the Transports of my Jealous Folly; so tenderly I love thee, I cannot bear the Thoughts of being supplanted in thy Heart; I can't support thy Frowns: Alas, thy Smiles is all I have to live on. Forgive, my dearest beloved Saint, this bold Offender, who dies with Sorrow for having thus displeased you.

[*Kneels.*]

[*Raising him she gives her Hand, which he kisses passionately.*]

Mari. Rise, my *Alexander*, and be no more suspicious of my

my Love ; 'tis Nice as yours, and cannot bear Distrust.

Alex. I will not any more give Cause for your Displeasure, but readily submit to your wife Conduct, which ever shall hereafter guide your *Alexander*. *Manzeck*, your Noble Father is speedily preparing for your Rescue ; mean time you're here secure, under Protection of that generous Lord.

Enter Bosman hastily.

Bos. My Lords, the Czar is coming here, to make his last Efforts on the Ladies ; I come to give you timely Notice, that we might provide for all your Safeties.

Zuesk. Were all things else in readiness, we might secure him here, and put a speedy End to our Design.

Bos. We must not strike, till we are sure to hit the Mark we aim at.

Alex. Were *Manzeck* ready with his Forces to support us, we might indeed Hazard the seizing of him : But as it is, 'tis more advisable to stay till all is ready for our purpose ; we must not here be seen ; and yet I fear to leave *Marina* in the Tyrant's Power.

Mari. Heav'n who has never yet abandon'd me, I hope, will still preserve me ; be careful to provide for your own safeties ; but hear me, *Alexander*, I conjure you ; I fear you are concern'd in some Designs against his Life ; which, if you are, I charge you to desist ; for do not think I ever will be yours, if through his Blood you seek me. If he is, as you say, an Usurper and Impostor, he's Husband to *Marina* ; as so my Honour binds me to regard him.

Alex. I will in every thing be careful to obey you ; all I shall do, shall be to save the dearest Life, and leave the rest to what his Fate determines for him.

Bos. My Lords, what mean you ? He will surprize you here ?

Zuesk. *Bosman* ; I do conjure you, be careful to give us Notice if he shou'd offer any Violence, that we we may assist if any Danger do's require it.

Bos. Rest satisfy'd, my Lords, they both shall be my Charge ; I will observe him unperceiv'd ; and give you timely Notice, if your Aid's requir'd. But haste, my Lords, for here you must not stay.

Zarr.

Zarr. Be gone, my *Zueski*, for shou'd he see you here, you irrecoverably were lost indeed.

Zuesk. We will retire to *Rureck's* Palace; and you my *Zarrianna*, once play the Hypocrite, and sooth him into softness, by a seeming Submission to his Will; as far as may consist with fair *Marina's* Safety. [Exeunt *Zuesk.* *Bos.* *Alex.*

Zarr. I'll try how well I can dissemble, tho' 'tis a Task unwelcome to my Nature.

Mari. Alas, he's come already.

Enter *Demetrius*.

Dem. Have you consider'd yet, fair *Zarrianna*, whether that Beauty, given by Heaven to be ador'd by all, will best become a Throne or Sepulchre? For know, proud Maid, my final Resolution is to make thee mine; for if you'll consent to be possess'd by me, you ne'er shall be another's.

Zar. The time you graciously were pleas'd to give for my Determination is not yet expir'd; I had your Royal Word that you wou'd patiently attend my Answer till night, till then I beg, you wou'd deferr to know my Resolution.

Dem. If you till then, will give me Hopes to live on, I do agree to what you say I promis'd. Say, lovely *Zarrianna*, shall I call you mine? May I have leave to hope that you'll yet be kind. [Taking her by the Hand.

Zar. Alas, most Royal Sir, I cannot yet so much forget my *Zueski*, as I ought, but will endeavour to be grateful to you. Time must be given me. [Sighs.] Which has effected harder things, than 'tis for a poor weak defenceless Maid to love a young and glorious Emperour.

Dem. Oh *Zarrianna*! Can this Change be real! Thou'st given me Hopes enough to feast my Soul. If this small Shew of Kindness can raise me to such Joys, what will the full Possession of all thy wondrous Beauty?

Zarr. I am not worthy, Sir, of all the vast Expressions of your Love; but if you so esteem me, I beg the fair and innocent *Marina*, may not be made a Sacrifice to my advancement.

Dem. Let her then shew the Duty of a *Muscovy* Wife, and condescend to what I'd have her do. I do not seek her Life, 'tis

'tis what her obstinate Perverseness will force me to. What say you, Madam? Is't Life or Death you chuse? [To Marina.

Mari. I will consider, Sir, and give my Answer at the time prefixt. I am unwilling to be an Obstacle to *Zarrianna's* Happiness who best deserves the Honour you intend her; tho' I must think I have not merited such Treatment as my Fortune deals me, I have not any way deserv'd your most unkind and cruel Usage of me.

Dem. 'Tis false, thou hast: Why were you not as fair as *Zarrianna*?

Zarr. Love is not always guided by most Merit. It is the Work of Chance. If I have any Power with you, I do intreat you'd give the wrong'd *Marina* the time you promis'd her to fix her Resolutions.

Dem. You must and shall command in every thing; I hope you mean me fair, for if you do not, you know I can and will revenge my self severely.

Zar. These Threats do ill become a Lover's Mouth: You shall have no such Causes given to shew that Power.

Deme. Forgive me, *Zarrianna*, if such an unexpected Blessing creates some Jealousie. [To Marina.] I give you, Madam, at my Fair Mistress's Request, the Time you do demand; and you, my *Zarrianna*, when next I see you, I hope will be never to part again. [Kisses her Hand, and Exit.

Zarr. The hated Task I have at last perform'd, as if I long had practis'd the Trade of well-dissembling.

Mari. You have prevented now th' impending Storm, which will return on us with greater Force, if not releiv'd before the time which he has limited.

Zar. Fear not, dear Madam, whilst *Alexander* and *Zneski* is so near, we cannot fail of Succour.

If they succeed, all Fears of Death are past;

And if they fail, we can but dye at last. [Exeunt.

G SCENE

S C E N E II.

Sophia and Bosman.

Soph. Why is it, that Happiness and Greatness must be Inconsistent things? Why did I not secluded from this busie World, choose there in peace to pass my guiltless Days, prefer a Life recluse with Innocence, and not a left it to Heaven's avenging Hands? My Woman's Fears betray'd me to own this base Impostor for my Son; Why did I not at first detect the Cheat? Better I had dy'd to save my ruin'd Country, which now grieves under his oppressing Yoak.

Bos. Mosco, you know, receiv'd him, as their titular Angel, with such unanimous and universal Pleasure, that had you then put the least Check to the o'reflowing Torrent of their unruly Joy, you'd only thrown away your Life, without the least redress to your unhappy Country. Now is the time to give a helping Hand, to pull the Usurper down. The People now with heavy Groans do feel the burden of his oppressing Yoak, and will look kindly up to a Deliverer, to free them from the Curse of Gallig Slavery. I must as long as possible, preserve the Tyrant's good Opinion of my Faith to him. Therefore, 'tis needful, Madam, that you get his leave upon some feign'd pretext, to visit *Marina*, and *Zarrianna* in the Castle, where you shall be secur'd from his pernicious Practices against your sacred Life.

Soph. You speak as if you knew he had designs against me.

Bos. Old honest *Fedor* has confess'd as much, and him he would have made the cursed Instrument of your Destruction, which he refusing with all the Detestation which became an honest Man, and such a hellish Crime, he sought to stifle the Secret in his Blood, which he by provident and timely care escap'd.

Soph. What will not such a faithless Tyrant do, restrain'd by neither humane nor sacred Laws? Yet my own private Wrongs I patiently cou'd bear, but must not see my Friends and Country destroy'd by his accursed Power: Oh say, good *Bosman*, what is to be done.

Bos.

Bos. That, Madam, you shall know, use but your Arts to get into the Castle, where you will find a Strength sufficient to defend you there, and to dethrone the Tyrant.

Soph. Museing. I've thought upon a way which will, no doubt, prevail, as best agreeing with his brutish Pleasure; and see, as if his Destiny was hurrying him on, he come this way; let us retire a little and observe him. *[They Retire.]*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. She yields, she yields, I saw it in her Eyes, saw there the melting tenderness of her soft yielding Heart: Oh power of Empire, too great, too glorious, and too much to be resisted by weak feeble Woman; I have her in my Arms, methinks I'm rifling all her wondrous Treasures, and see *[In Transport.]* her blustering Beauties at the Conqueror's Mercy, who all in Raptures, in Extasies of Pleasure seizes the trembling Prey, and dyes with Transports of unruly Joys. Oh wonderful effect of powerful Love, I am no more the Unrelenting Cruel, proud *Demetrius*, but am all soft, all gentle and forgiving. This was the most substantial good I sought for in a Crown, to have all things subservient to my Will; and all my sensual Appetites regal'd by Pleasures uncontroll'd, could my wise Father confin'd my Soul as well as Body within the narrow limits he prescrib'd, I might ha' past my unregarded Days in an obscure Retreat, and dy'd forgotten and neglected, lain by after Ages; but my bold Actions will ever now immortalize my Name. Shew me the Man like me, who dar'd to personate a Prince I never saw: What were the *Grecian* Conquerors, or *Roman Caesars*, to come in Competition with my Actions, they who had long been train'd to Arms, and bred up in the Trade of War; no wonder if they grew proficient in it: But I, whose Business ever was my Pleasures, to leap from a poor unobserv'd *Monk* into a glorious Throne; by Heav'n 'twas boldly done. *[He turns and sees Bos. and Soph.]* Sure they have not overheard me. *[To them.]* I did not see you Madam, I hope you have not long attended. *Bosman,* Why did not you acquaint me the Empress was here?

Bos. You saw us as we enter'd, Royal Sir.

Soph. Yes, my *Demetrius*, just the very Moment. Good Heav'ns, that I must still thus play the Hypocrite. [*Aside.*] I grieve, my Son, to hear the strange Disorders of your Family, caus'd by the Perverseness of *Marina*; where's the Advantage Kings have above common Men; but to have Power, to make themselves obey'd.

Demet. And so I will.

Soph. 'Tis fit you should. Yet, my *Demetrius*, I wou'd not have you tax'd with Cruelty, but trye all means, by fair and gentle ways, to win her to consent.

Demet. I have, and threatnings too, which yet has no effects; I've given her till Night, to fix her Resolutions. If then they prove not Consonant to my Desire, she shall not live another.

Soph. I will, if you think fit, endeavour to bring her stubborn Will to a Compliance with you; Women on Women have most prevailing Arts.

Demet. That will but still increase her Pride, and make her more boldly Obstinate, beleiving that I fear her.

Soph. Trust me my Son, we Women know a thousand winning Arts, you cannot condescend to; she shall not so much as think I have your Leave for what I undertake; *Bosman* shall say he privately unknown to you, at my Request, convey'd me to her.

Dem. It is not fit I should deny you any thing you condescend to ask; *Bosman*, wait on the Empress to the proud *Marina*, and you immediately return to me; I've Business of Importance with you.

Bos. I shall obey you, Sir. [*Exit Soph. led out by Bos.*]

Demet. So, she has catch'd her self in her own Trap; I fear this *Bosman* is too honest for my Purpose; but yet I'll try him, and if I find he hesitates upon't; I will proceed with him in such a way, shall spoil his telling Tales.

Enter Bosman.

I'm thinking, *Bosman*, how very hard it is, that Greatness only shou'd exempted be from Friendship. I, who tho' born to sway, and am the Potent'st Monarch of all Europe, still want that Happiness of a faithful Friend.

Bos.

Bos. Aside. What can he mean? I hope he has no Intimation of our Conspiracy. *[To him.]* The awful Distance which by all is kept to our great Czars, to whom we all are Slaves, debarrs us from the Hopes of that high Honour, to which no Subject never durst Aspire.

Demet. But if an Emperour condescend, to make a private Man his Friend; it is not sure Presumption to accept it? How ought he, think you, to receive the Testimony of it?

Bos. With such a Reverence as we may pay to Heav'n, with humble Love, and with a zealous Duty; with quick Observation of his least Commands, and hazarding Life, Fortunes, Honour, All, whene'er his Service needs them---*[Aside.]* I find he drives at something, and will, if possible, fathom his dark Designs.

Demet. Just, just such a Friend I want; and who so fit to make one, as the Man who understands the Merits that ought to qualifie him for such a Weighty Favour? Could'st thou, my *Bosman*, be this Friend? Thy most aspiring Thoughts can never reach the Honours thou shalt meet, if, in return, thou can'st but love me so well as to obey my Orders, without disputing them.

Bos. Your Majesty in all things may command your *Bosman's* faithful Service.

Demet. Be careful what you promise; I have a Deed for thee to do, will shock thy Resolution, as it does my Vertue; but yet it must be done.

Bos. Has it no Name? Speak boldly, Sir; I dare to execute whatever you command.

Demet. Would'st thou but bring a Balm to cure this Wound, thou wer't a Friend indeed.

Bos. Humanity to all, in any sort of Trouble, that Lesson sure must teach; but for a King and Friend, since you permit to use that sacred, but familiar, Name, I wou'd do *[bowing]* more than I can well expresse, to prove a just Pretence to that glorious Title.

Demet. This, *Bosman*, is the proof I do require; to rid me of my my curst Domestick Plagues; *Sophia* and *Marina* by Poyson,

son, or any other secret Ways. Ha! thou start'st [*Frowning.*] Take heed thou hast not promis'd more than what you dare perform.

Bos. Aside.] Oh hellish Monster! [*To him.* Pardon, me, Royal Sir; if I seem'd surpriz'd; it was not that I dare discant on your wise Resolutions, but fear you do it only to try how far my Zeal will carry me to your Service.

Deme. Then let me tell thee, *Bosman*, I am serious; I have some private Reasons to dispatch *Sophia*; *Marina*, you well know, obstructs my Happiness with *Zarrianna*; get it but handsomely, and all the Privacy that can be done, thou'st gain'd thy King for ever; and let it publickly be spread, Dispair 'twas forc'd *Marina* to do the Deed her self, for fear that *Manzeck* should by his Resentments interrupt my Joys with *Zarrianna*; I shall not be examin'd how old *Sophia* came by her long-expected Death.

Bos. I can with Secrecie and Speed perform the Deed. But one thing will be needful, to take off all Suspicion, which is, to have the *Cossacks* withdrawn from out the Castle, and let a Guard of *Poles* have the securing of it, of equal number with the *Muscovites* already there.

Deme. That may be hazardous, and may endanger their seizing on the Castle.

Bos. That, Sir, shall be my Care: I will observe how they resent her Death; and if I find but the least Murmur, I soon you know Sir, can command such Forces as shall overpower theirs.

Deme. I leave it to you then to act as you see Cause; tell *Carolos* 'tis my Orders that he withdraws his *Cossacks*: But let them be remov'd no farther than the middle of the City, where they will be at hand to give Assistance in any Exigent.

Bos. I'll put all things in readiness, and then expect to hear your Will's obey'd. [*Aside.*] Now perish, Tyrant, by thy own pernicious Wiles. [*Exit Bos.*]

Demet. When this h'as done, the next shall be my part,

I'll stab the Deed, in his unthinking Heart;

The Treason we approve, the Traytor hate;

He, in their Deaths, determines his own Fate. [*Ex.*]

A C T V. Scene I.

Shouts and Alarms within. Enter Zueski, Manzeck, Basilus, Rureck, and Zaporjus.

Manz. **T**Hese *Cossack's* are brave and daring Fellows; they fought with such undaunted Resolution, that had their Cause been equal to their Valour; they must have vanquish'd.

Rure. This was a Counterplot we were not well aware of: Had we not been prepar'd for all Contingencies, it had undone us.

Basi. He'd some Design, no doubt, unknown to us, for which he had conceal'd these *Cossack's* in his Palace.

Zap. They stood to the last single Soldier, and met their Deaths like Men resolv'd to dye; would the Impostor were as sure dispatch'd.

Zuesk. 'Tis true, the Castle is securely ours; *Zarrianna* and *Marina* too are safe from his Tyrannick Rage. But if he so escapes us, we've done our Work by halves.

Enter Bosman.

Bos. My Lords, the Tyrant's fled where most we fear'd, and has an Asyle found within the Middle City, where he with utmost Diligence is fortifying himself against our Attacks. The Citizens with over-zealous Duty have promis'd him their Aid, but more for Fear than Love; being surrounded by ten Thousand *Cossacks*, who they well knew wou'd force 'em to Obedience.

Zuesk. How did he from the Castle so easily escape us? Art thou inform'd, good *Bosman*.

Bos. Out of a Window of his own Apartment, where *Carlos* stood ready to receive him, and has convey'd him, where I fear he's now in too much Safety.

Manz. Let's pour in all our Forces to the City, and instantly attack him, whilst *Alexander* and *Bosman* secure the Castle.

Bass. Something must quickly be resolv'd; this Work begun must end with Victory, or our poor Country's Ruine.

Rur.

Ex.
T

Rure. The best expedient can be found is instantly, being now the Dead of Night, to raise an Alarm, that the *Cossacks* are up in Arms to massacre the *Muscovites*, which soon will put the Citizens in Arms for their own Preservation, and will readily embrace the Offer of our Assistance to secure themselves: By this means, we may destroy the Guard in which the Tyrant puts his greatest Trust, and save the Blood of your *Muscovian* Subjects.

Zuesk. I do approve your Counsel: Hast, give Word in every Quarter; spread the fatal News; approaching Danger will give each Coward a daring Arm.

Rure. 'Tis done; swift as your Thoughts the dread Alarm flies. [Exit *Rure*.

Lap. Their Amazement will not give them time to rally; or, if they shou'd, for *Carolos* is a brave and great Commander, and will no way be wanting in the part of a Wise General, the City joining with us, we soon shall over-power them, and drive them out from *Mosco* and the World.

Bass. The Citizens, no doubt, will be enrag'd with Terror and Surprize; for tho' their Coward Natures wou'd shrink at any brave and daring Enterprize, will, to secure themselves in Heat of Blood, extirpate, if possible, the very Name of *Cossacks*.

Manz. I'll give the same Alarm in all the other Parts of *Mosco*, and with my Forces be ready to assist them. Let *Bosman* join with *Alexander*, to keep firm the Castle; the Tyrant may attempt there to secure himself. The *Poles* I know with all Alacrity will be commanded by my *Alexander*, and pay him, as they ought, a ready Duty; and *Bosman's* Presence will best engage the Faith of his *Muscovites*; who may perhaps not be well pleas'd to obey so young a General, and one that is a Stranger.

Bos. You Counsel well, my Lord. [Clash and Shout.

Zuesk. The Night wears on apace: Hark already the Swords Clangors, and their dying Screams o'rtake us: Let's meet and conquer: Bear down the Tyrant and his Friends before us.

[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Ruine and Death where-e're I turn pursue and find the lost *Demetrius*. Oh *Zarrianna*, she is the Cause of my Destruction: Yet I love her still, and more regret the Loss of her than Empire. Fool that I was, to be perswaded by her false deluding Arts, and not have forc'd her when it was in my Power: That Power now is gone, and my more violent Desire remains. What are the feeble Succours of a Town, whilst a wide Empire still pouring Forces on must at last o'rewhelm me. Oh for a brave Revenge before I die: If die I must, cou'd I but crush old *Manzeck* with my Fall, and reach the Heart with this [*Shews a Dagger*] of his Imperious Daughter, force *Zarrianna* to my last Embraces, and see expiring by my side, I cou'd resign contented my Life and Throne together.

Enter Carclos hastily, his Sword drawn, with a Monk's Habit under his Arm.

Ha! good *Carclos*, thou seem'st surpriz'd, as if some unexpected Accident had hasten'd thee to warn me of approaching Ruine.

Carc. Alas, you're lost, Sir; the Hopes we plac'd in your poor faithful *Cossacks* are now destroy'd; and we have nothing else to do, but bravely seek a Death, which else will meet us here.

Deme. Are they revolted to the Enemy?

Carc. Oh no, Sir; think not so meanly of your *Cossacks* Love; more than Ten thousand of them fill the Streets of *Mosco* with their dead and mangled Carcasses, their Blood in Streams flows like an Inundation, murder'd by a cursed Stratagem of the Enemy; the City in all parts is up in Arms, and nothing to be seen but Horror and Confusion.

Deme. Have the curst Citizens at last deceiv'd me, and giv'n up the City to my Foes?

Carc. What they have done was, as they thought, in their own just Defence: A false Alarm struck them all with Terror, and made them fall with an unbridl'd Fury on our *Cossacks*, who unprepar'd, not thinking of any Foes within the

H

City,

City, were all unarm'd excepting those who kept the Guard, and all dispers'd to rest their wearied Bodies, after the Fatigue of the preceeding Day, they fell by Thousands, e'er they were well awake.

Demet. Cannot you draw them Quarter'd in the City Royal, into a Body, and bring them to our Aid?

Carc. *Mosco* has all receiv'd the same Alarm; the Arsenal they've surpriz'd, and all my faithful Soldiers partook of the same Fate, which we too shall meet, if here we stay; I have eight Thousand left in *Columna*, if thither we can escape, where we might rest secure, till from the *Ukraine* I could form a Body powerful enough to reinstate you in your lost Dominions.

Demet. Ha! What means these Shouts? [Shouts within.

Enter Officer.

Offic. Fly, Sir, or you are lost; *Zueski*, by all the faithless *Muscovites* is saluted Czar, and all the City surrender'd to his Powers, and this way they're seeking you.

Demet. *Zueski*! Thou rav'st; he dy'd by my Commands: Would all my Enemies were as secure as he.

Offic. Believe me, Sir, however you were deceiv'd, he lives, and is e'er this enter'd the City, follow'd by all the Boyers, and with the Acclamations of all *Mosco*.

Demet. If this be true, I must be lost indeed. Oh *Carclos*, *Carclos*, something worse than Death wracks my proud Heart, and drinks the gushing Blood of thy most wretched Master.

Carc. What is't, my Royal Lord?

Demet. Mock me no more with Royalty; I am a Slave, the worst of Slaves; Slave to my Passion; Oh! I must dye, and leave *Zarrianna* to be possess'd by *Zueski*; there's the sting! Had I lost my Empire for a brave Revenge, or cur'd my Insatiate Love; I shou'd have laugh'd at the Exchange. Now, I cou'd curse the cruel Pow'rs with invenom'd Teeth, tear up this solid Earth, and to the Centre sink a Fury.

Carc. Cursing kills not.

Dem. *Marina* too insults; the Imperious Fair Ones hug and clasp; Revel in Joys at the defeat of poor *Demetrius*.

Carc. Is it all you have left, to wish Revenge on these ungrateful Women.

Demet.

Demet. It is, it is: And witness Heav'n or Hell, that thus inspires: Dole Fate but out to them the Dregs of Wrath thou pour'st on me, and I shall fall contented.

Carc. A little Fort there still remains unattack'd, guarded by faithful *Cossacks*; a well-chosen trusty few; there we have room to dye, tho' not to conquer.

Dem. Ha *Carclos*, a Beam of Light arises, and strikes my Soul with Joy; a bloody gloom and crimson Stream dreadfully glorious; it whisks like flaming Meteors round my Thoughts, gathers Revenge, and then contracted, set it in a Flame. If thou could'st draw the Women thither, ha, *Carclos*, *Marina* the blooming Fair, the inviting Princess of the Northern World is thine, thy Prize; a Princess, I thou'd have languish'd for, had she not been thrown in my Arms, and that way made her Beauties cheap.

Carc. Agreed, Methinks with this great Enterprize, this stupendious Wickedness, I am grown an Emperour, and we will know no more Distinction: How Riotous, how Glorious we shall grow in love with Death! Haste, this Man's your Guide.

Dem. But how, dear *Carclos*, wilt thou effect it?

Carc. I saw just now in dire Confusions, a grey Bearded Priest peep out, and lift his wither'd Hands, and blest Rebellion! then smil'd with a malicious Joy, and holy grin, to see my once Victorious *Cossack's* fall; I provok'd, struck my Stiletto to his Heart, that done, tore off his upper Garment, which I design'd for your escape: But a better Plot is laid, and in this Weed of Sanctity I will decoy the unwary Princesses. *Manzeck* and *Zueski* are too deep employ'd, and think 'em safe.

Dem. Fly *Carclos* fly, I read Success upon thy manly Brow; the Day comes on apace; and I who now behold the Rising Sun, must never, never live to see it set. [Exit *Carclos*.

Oh that the Sun, that ushers in the Light,
Might with me set in an Eternal Night.
May all the Orbs from their bright Seat be hurl'd,
And Desolation reign o'er all the World. [Exit.

SCENE *Draws, and discovers* Sophia, Marina,
Zarrianna *in a Garden.*

Mari. How happy is the humble Cottager, who never knows the Madness of Ambition? Would I had been born a simple Shepherdess, or any other mean and lowly Maid; an humbler Fortune wou'd a suited better with my tender Nature; had I been such, I might have past my unenvy'd Days in an obscure Retreat, more to be valu'd than the anxious Cares of this exalted Greatness.

Soph. Blame not the choice of Heav'n, who made you what you are, and gave you Merit to justify its Bounty; your Vertues would have shin'd so eminently bright, how e're obscurely plac'd, for all to wonder at; a Goodness less than yours cou'd not forgive the more than barbarous Usage you have met from a most base and undeserving Husband, but thus so deeply to afflict your self for the Destruction of him who well deserves it; 'tis generous, and shews the noblest Nature.

Zarri. Let us forbear to triumph, Fate is yet at work; *Zueski, Manzeck,* and *Alexander* with Swords unheath'd, are dealing Death around, and they may (avert it Heav'n) meet the Wounds they give.

Mari. Such were the Thoughts, that made me curse Ambitious Greatness; loss of Empire weighs not the least grain in my Esteem; but Oh *Alexander!* forgive me Heaven, if I sigh for him; here Sorrow rends my poor distracted Heart, to think my faithful Lover, and my faithless Husband are engag'd; for if *Demetrius* falls by *Alexander's* Hand, Honour forbids me e'er to Crown the Conquerour.

Soph. So nice a Vertue, and so chaste Mind, must needs be Heav'n's peculiar Care.

Enter an Officer.

Offic. The Patriarch, Madam, waits in your Apartment with Business of Importance to acquaint your Majesty.

Soph. to Marin.] Tell him I'll come. [*Exit Officer.*] You may expect I hither will return, and bring you word of what his News imports.

[*Exit. Sophia.*
Enter

Enter Carclos disguis'd in a Priest's Habit.

Carc. Beyond my Hopes they're here, and all alone, as I cou'd wish. Hail happy Pair, Auspicious Daughters, Hail, *Manzeck* and *Zueski*, to their Victorious Swords we owe our Liberty; Tyrants and Tyranny are now no more; the Brethren's pious Pray'rs, with the poor help of twenty thousand Hands, has done the work of Heav'n.

Zarr. Speak good Father, is *Zueski* safe?

Mari. *Manzeck* and *Alexander*, do they live? The wretched *Demetrius* what is his Fate?

Carc. *Demetrius* o'rewhelm'd, amongst a heap of slain, is undistinguish'd bury'd, or alone escap'd, never to give ye Apprehensions more; the rest are Conquerours.

Mari. Alas, unhappy Man.

Carc. So quick a Revolution is scarce to be believ'd; tir'd Eccho faints with Repetition of *Zueski's* Name and Emperor; but to secure Ten Thousand Soldiers led by *Boris*, still fond of his Name and Race, by me he humbly begs fair *Zarrianna* your Appearance on a little Fort, where *Mosco* with united Voice salutes him Lord of her, and all her Northern World.

Zarr. Where is it, Sir?

Carc. Here, within the Castle; the Castle you know is yours. And with him *Manzeck*, who commands his injur'd Daughter to appear, to satisfy the *Muscovites* she is oppress'd as well as they.

Zarr. Come, dear Companion of my Prison, now let us mount to Joys.

Mari. Led by this Holy Man, I hope we cannot go amiss.

Carc. My Royal Daughter, hasten; without here waits most faithful Guides.

Zarr. We follow, Father. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E A Fort.

Enter Demetrius.

Demet. Oh the Wrack of Expectation! Not Empire, when opened with all its Glories to my View, not when united Kingdoms strove to call me Lord, stretch'd my expanded Soul with

with half this terrible Delight. I hear 'em coming, and each Artery, like a Cable, holds my Heart firm to my stern purpose.

Enter Carclos, Marina, Zarrianna.

Zarr. When, Father, shall we see a Friend? For yet I have not found a Face belonging to my *Zueski*.

Mari. Nor I.

Carc. Now Ladies, now my Lord. [*Demetrius appears.*

Zarr. } Ah!

Mari. }

Demet. Hear ye *Cossacks*, we have your Ransomes. Now double each Step, that leads to this abode of Death, and let 'em meet the Monster who ever dares approach us: Appear, my faithful lucky *Carclos*, and seize my Queen, my Empress.

Carc. Behold me, Sir; like you; all full of Rage and Love.

Zarr. What can the Tyrant mean? Help us Heaven!

Mari. Help us, ye Powers!

Demet. Ha, ha: No Help, nor Humane, nor Divine, shall now assist ye. Mark me, ye faithful last Reserve, when we have dispoil'd these stubborn Beauties of what they value most, their Honours, then the Toyes which now adorn 'em, the glittering Wealth of *Mosco*, enough to purchase Kingdoms, shall be yours in equal Plunder.

Zarr. Oh take all before; strip us to shame, then tumble us headlong down; and glut your Rage with ought but loss of Honour.

Mari. And what art thou? What insolent Slave, who dar'st with impious Hands, to seize a free-born Princess?

Carc. I was the Creature of thy Emperour, his Partner now in the last Joys of Life, and then in Death.

Mari. Do not drag me so; if Death and Cruelty are in thy Nature, glut thy Rage quick, quick dispatch me; and I'll complain no more.

Demet. Force 'em to the inmost Retreat; we dally here too long.

Zarri. Listen to me *Demetrius*, as you value Life; for sure 'tis terrible when the wicked dye. Upon the Turrets place us in the Victors view, and make your own Conditions.

Mari

Mari. My courageous Sister falling !

Zarr. Peace I wish this distracted World, and fain wou'd be the Oblation ; give me a Window, Fire, Water, Swords, or any thing to be dispatch'd, and I have done.

Enter an Officer.

Offic. Oh Sir, by an Avenue to us unknown, *Zueski* and *Bosman* lead ten Thousand to these Ladies rescue.

Demet. Curse one their quick Intelligence ; yet secure a while this Door, and their Revenge will come too late, whil'st ours is finish'd.

Carc. I know thee bold, with hazard of thy Life ; when we are enter'd here, let down the massy Barrs.

Zarr. Oh hold a Moment, hold as you are Sons of Women, hold.

Mari. Oh stay, see these trembling forc'd and lift up Hands ; these bending Knees ; oh but a little, little Minute, as you ever hope reprieve from endless Pains.

Dem. Not another Minute, to be Master of another World.

Zarr. Help *Zueski*, help Heav'n, or *Zarrianna* dies.

[Dragging them off.]

Enter Zueski and Alexander.

Alex. We have outstript our foremost Men, wing'd by fear for them we lov'd. — Oh horror ; Monster, quit that glorious Prey, and defend thy Life.

Carc. What upstart Fiend art thou ?

Zuesk. Turn, Villain, turn, and see who 'tis that calls thee.

Demet. I see 'tis he, who of all Mankind, I wish in Hell.

Zuesk. 'Tis thither thou art going.

[They fight.]

Zarr. Assist, ye too long cruel Powers,
Assist his Love and Truth.

Mari. Revenge me Heaven, on that unknown Instrument of Hell !

[Demet. and Carc. falls.]

Demet. Curse on my feeble Hand, that cou'd not reach thy Heart, as thou hast mine : Curse on your meeting Loves ; may you still feel greater Torments than I fear.

Carc. Stay Emperour, stay Friend, 'tis *Carclos*, thy ever faithful Slave thus follows thee.

[Dyes.]

Zuesk. Come, ye choice Blessings, once and ever to our Arms.

Alex.

Alex. May never Frights or Terror disturb thy gentle Nature more. Behold thy Tyrant Husband has found the just Reward of all his Crimes.

Mari. Unhappy wretched Man, tho' thou no Pity had'st for me, I must lament thy Fate. [Looking at Demet.

Enter Manzech, Sophia, Bosman, Teresa.

Teres. Oh my lov'd Royal Mistress! Thanks to Heav'n you are safe.

Soph. Yes, and to this fair faithful Maid, who gave the Alarm first; and with mistrustful Care found out you were betray'd.

Zuesk. Our Work is at an end, my Lords; See where the Imposter breathless lies, expiating His Crimes in his inglorious Blood.

Man. And behold all our Friends are come, to joyn our Joys, But e'er they enter, let me do a Justice here.

Demetrius never did deserve a Tear from thee, *Marina*; Therefore, my Son, [To *Alex.*] For now I call thee so indeed, Take her, and with her, all the Blessings that are within A Father's Power to give to his beloved Children.

Alex. Who has *Marina*, needs no other Blessing.

[Kneels and kisses her Hand.] Thus, thus let me receive her, the only good Heav'n and you can give me; now all my Sufferings are Over-paid, since after all these Woes, I live to call *Marina* mine.

Mari. Some time allow'd to mourn these Storms of Fate;

And I need not tell my *Alexander*, I am wholly his.

Enter the Patriarch, Fedor, Bassilius, Rureck, Zaporjus, Citizens and Soldiers.

Bos. See Countrey-Men, your great Deliverer; he who no Pains nor Blood has spar'd to re-instate you in your Liberties, he who detected first the Cheat of this Impostor, and he who now has freed you from an usurping Power of Tyranny and Injustice; through him your Ancient Priviledges you enjoy again; and who so fit to be your Emperour, as he who has a double Right to plead in my Rescuing you from Slavery, and being the undisputed Heir of great *Basilovitz*?

i. Citiz.

1 *Citz.* Let but the Empress *Sophia* disclaim this slain *Demetrius* for her Son; I know Lord *Zueski's* Right, and he shall have my Voice.

2 *Citz.* And mine.

3 *Citz.* And mine.

All. And all.

Soph. I do most solemnly disclaim him. Think if a Mother's Tenderness, cou'd see her Child lie wallowing in his Blood, and stand unmov'd.

All. Long live *Zueski*, Emperour of all the *Russes*.

Zuesk. I thank you Country-men, and accept your Loves; The Crown you in Justice have bestow'd on me, And 'tis my undoubted Right.

[*Fedor offers the Crown to Zueski.*

But I receive it, only to lay it at these beauteous Feet.

Zarri. To him who best deserves it, I do restor't again.

Mari. May I be bold, amid'st this general Joy, to interrupt you, and beg you'd give Permission, that that unhappy Man may have the Rites of Funeral, and not be expos'd to the rude Insults of a merciless Rabble.

Zuesk. You may command all in my Power to grant.

Fedor, do you see him decently, but privately, interr'd.

Fed. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

Zuesk. Shine forth ye fair ones,

And let the World, in your bright Glories see
The great Reward of vertuous Constancy:
At last to all a Halcyon Rest's restor'd,
And *Muscovy* now knows her rightful Lord.

F I N I S.

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